



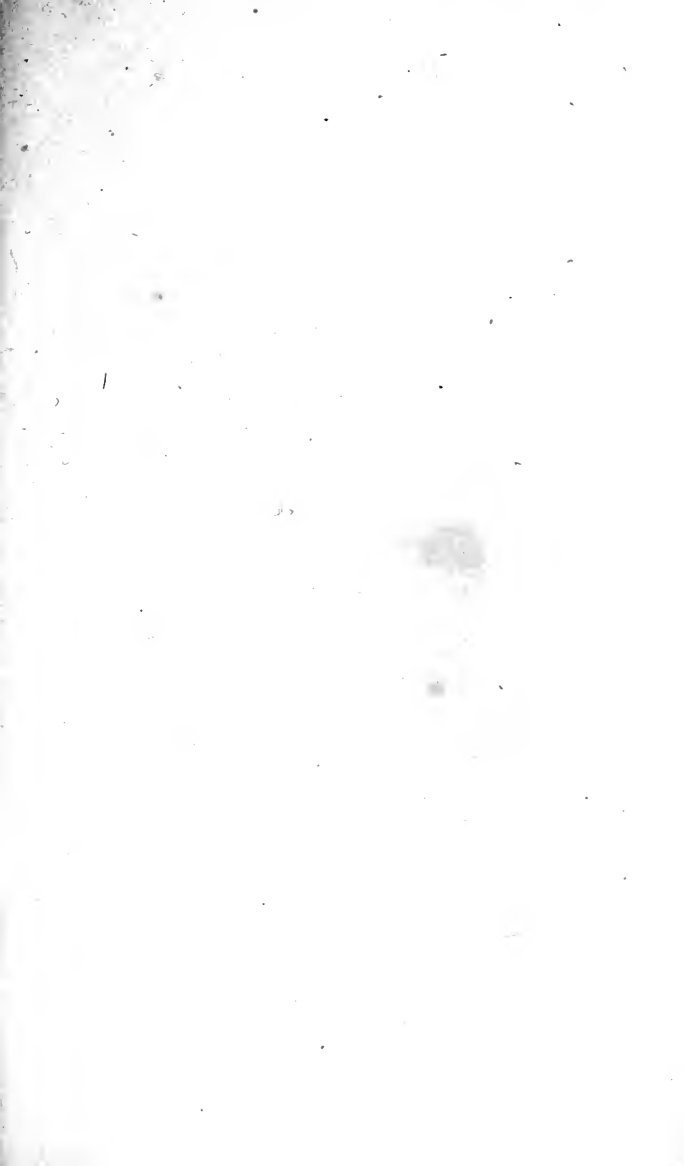
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# REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

# TRADITION OF THE CASTLE.

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Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK

THE  
TRADITION OF THE CASTLE;

OR,  
*SCENES IN THE EMERALD ISLE.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



BY  
REGINA MARIA ROCHE,

AUTHOR OF  
THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY, VICAR OF LANSDOWN, MAID OF THE  
HAMLET, &c.

---

“ Oh Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.”

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VOL. II.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR  
A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

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1824.

# THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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# THE TRADITION OF THE CASTLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

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“ ————— Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hum,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there must be done ”  
A deed of dreadful note.”

**E**NDEAVOURING, however, to dismiss the ingratitude he had met with from his thoughts, Donaghue was conversing with Rosebud, after dinner, when an unusual noise in the hall made him dispatch the corporal to inquire the cause.

Whatever was the matter, however, the corporal, instead of coming back to ac-

quant them, soon seemed to take part in it himself, for his voice was shortly heard elevated above that of every other person; and what appeared still more surprising, the tumult seemed approaching their apartment.

On finding this, Donaghue started up, and throwing open the door, beheld the corporal, with his back to him, half-way up the stairs, opposing the advance of a small party of soldiers.—“What’s the matter? What’s the meaning of all this?” demanded Donaghue, advancing into the gallery.

“Oh, nothing, please your honour!” replied Cormick; “but that after denying your honour, I don’t see what right these fellows have to come up; and by the Lord they shan’t, if I can help it! What, though I haven’t got my arms about me, they shall find it’s not such an easy matter, as they may imagine, to pass an Irishman against his will;” and so saying, without further ceremony, he threw himself upon one of them, and, tripping up his heels in



a trice, succeeded in wresting his firelock from him, and with which he was then proceeding to lay about him in every direction, when Donaghue interfered, and peremptorily commanding him to desist, again desired to know what all this meant?

The party had, by this time, gained the landing-place; and he who appeared the head of it replied to this interrogation, by presenting a paper to the view of Donaghue, containing instructions for his arrest, by order of the Holy Inquisition.

“Good God!” exclaimed Donaghue involuntarily, reading the paper aloud, “here must be some mistake! In the first place, if I were even cognizable to such a tribunal as the Holy Inquisition, I have done nothing to provoke its vengeance; and in the next, are you aware, my friend,” addressing the soldier, “that as a British subject and a British officer, I am not to be injured or insulted with impunity?”

“I am aware of nothing,” cried the man, with the most immoveable expres-

sion of countenance, "but what my duty demands."

"Then you must be rendered so," said the doctor, now in sudden indignation, losing the terror with which he had at first been overcome. "You must be made sensible, that an insult to a British officer is a thing that will not be passed over."

"I am not so ignorant as not to know that," was the reply, but with a sneer; "it yet remains to be proved what right your friend here has to that title which he pleads for protection. We have positive assurance that he has none."

"My God! what treachery is here!" exclaimed Donaghue; "who is it that can have been contriving to do me an injury, or rather on what account, for, stranger as I am here, how can I have provoked the enmity of any one?"

"'Tis no use, senor, your puzzling yourself on the subject, or rather trying to feign ignorance as to the cause of what has happened; the trick is stale, and won't pass. You are my prisoner, and may as

well accompany me, without further delay or resistance, since accompany me you must at last."

"No," cried Donaghue, indignantly, "I cannot, I will not give way to so unjust an order. I demand to be taken before one of the magistrates of the place; and if I cannot satisfy him, 'tis then time enough to have recourse to force."

"Whatever you are," said the soldier, with cold and even insolent solemnity, "it is evident you are a stranger here, or you would not have dared to insult the Holy Office by what you have suggested—appeal from it!" and he seemed to shudder at the thought; and as if, after an offence so heinous, it would be eternal reprobation to have another moment's hesitation, he beckoned his comrades to advance and do their duty.

"Then, by the Lord! if they are desired to do their duty, I must do mine also," cried the corporal, and, rushing forward, threw himself between them and his master.

Donaghue, apprehensive for his life, tried to push him aside, but in vain; he was wrought up to madness, and was about braving the soldiers, when a sudden blow on the temple levelled him with the floor, and he was immediately bound and borne off.

They were leading Donaghue after him, when Rosebud, pushing through them, in an agony of sorrow clasped him to his breast—"And oh, wo the day," he cried, "in which we entered this accursed place! But it was all my doing—through my persuasion it was owing—and well my life shall pay; for O'Brien, my dearest lad! should evil betide you in consequence, I'll never survive you. But take courage! I'll raise heaven and earth to extricate you out of the dungeon of horrors into which they are dragging you!"

"Come, come, senor, these invectives won't serve the prisoner," exclaimed the chief of the party; and rudely pushing the distracted doctor aside, they carried off Donaghue without further opposition.

Donaghue most anxiously wished to know what had become of the corporal, but could receive no satisfaction. A carriage was in waiting at the door, into which he was obliged to ascend, and the soldiers mounting on the outside, it drove off.

It was dusk when it stopped at an immense pile of buildings, enclosed within fortified walls of a height that was terrific. The entrance was through a succession of long, black, vaulted gateways, each more dismal than the last, as if to give a hint of that progressive despair that here seized the sinking heart.

On emerging from the last, the carriage rolled heavily over the hollow pavement of a silent court, and stopped before a gate of iron, in the centre of the building. The soldiers now dismounted, and a knock being given on the gate, a wicket was opened, and a man in a black habit appeared at it. The prisoner was then motioned to alight, and, obeying, was handed over to this person, who, on his stepping within

the door, immediately closed it, and all this without a word passing at any side.

A chill came over the soul of Donaghue at the instant, that made his heart sink within him. Common dangers and common terrors he could have braved, with as much steadiness as any one; but there was something in the undefined ones he apprehended here, a sepulchral stillness in the place, that made him almost think he felt the cold air of the grave blowing on him, that struck horror to his feelings. But he quickly rallied himself, yet not without almost regretting that he had not made a still greater resistance to the order that had dragged him here. Yet, after all, of what avail, but to have probably lost him his life, since he might have been sure that no one would have attempted to give him any assistance, whatever their real feelings might have been for him. To what he owed the predicament he was in he could not possibly conjecture; but he was not equally at a loss in surmising

to whom, feeling an internal conviction, that it was owing, either to the treachery of don Callan, or the stranger he had been the means of freeing; and now the, to himself, unaccountable dislike he had conceived to don Callan, recurred to his recollection, with a sensation of the most poignant regret, at not having obeyed the kind of warning it implied to shun him. Yet it was not his own fault that he had not done so; and if ever he could have admitted the idea of fatality, it would have been in this instance.

But his reflections were soon interrupted, by being motioned to follow the man who had received him. As Donaghue obeyed the sign, he found himself advancing into an immense hall, divided into long passages, or aisles, by rough stone arches, and through which, in different directions, several figures, all arrayed in black, were seen, by the faint light of a few glimmering lamps, placed, as if at random, against the cold discoloured walls, glid-

ing, but with steps so noiseless, that, to a disturbed imagination, they might well have passed for unearthly creatures; and all this to strike terror into the devoted victim.—“Horrible institution!” thought Donaghue; “worthy alone, indeed, of demons, from the arts it has recourse to.”

In the centre of this apartment was an immense grating, fitted into the flooring, which was of black marble. Towards this Donaghue was conducted; and here there was a pause, evidently, to him, for the purpose of letting him examine it. Instinctively he looked down, and beheld a kind of dungeon beneath. Scarcely had he ascertained what he saw, ere the most dismal sounds of human suffering broke upon his ear. At the sound, several of the officials started forward, and, by their united efforts, raising the grating, a bier, with the body of a man stretched on it, was pushed up, still working in the agonies of death. It was directly carried off; but almost instantly replaced by a miserable wretch, who, with shrieks that echo-



ed through the place, was dragged forward from one of the recesses of the hall, and being placed on the bier, was bound to it with cords, and then let down into this infernal pit of torture.

Hardly had he vanished from the view, ere the most appalling sounds issued from it, some of them resembling those occasioned by broad-wheeled waggons rolling over flint stones, and grinding them to powder; and as they reached the ear of Donaghue, mingled with the shrieks of human suffering, all the horrors of the car of Jaggernaut rushed to his recollection. The groans of expiring nature, in a field of battle, wrung his heart with anguish—the groans of expiring nature, under the hands of torture, sickened it with a feeling not endurable; a mist spread itself before his eyes, and he would have fallen, but that one of the officials, perceiving his change of colour, caught him timely by the arm. By this man his staggering steps were supported to a small dark room, at a dis-

tance from the hall, and where, as soon as he revived, he left him.

After remaining quiet here for some time, Donaghue ventured to open the door, and by the glimmering light that pervaded the outer chamber, clearly perceived that the place where he was, was a kind of box, or closet, partitioned off from the other. The closeness of such a place conveying an idea of suffocation, O'Brien left it; and advancing to the narrow opening that admitted the light, which allowed him to see what it was, he beheld a large hall of great splendour. From the chamber where he was there was a descent of broad matted steps, and at the opposite end a similar ascent; at the top of this was a curtain of black velvet, descending from the lofty ceiling to the floor, and on which an immense cross was worked in silver. Before this sat six inquisitors, in the superb dress of the Holy Office, and at a little distance from them their clerks, or secretaries, to take the answers or depositions of those

who were examined; three branches of silver, dependent from the dome, diffused an equal and brilliant light through this apartment, so that, notwithstanding its size, every object was clearly distinguished.

But the attention of Donaghue was quickly diverted from every thing else, by the unexpected sight of Cormick, led in between two officers. He looked wild and haggard, but still as if more bewildered than frightened. His sight was a terrible shock to Donaghue, as he had flattered himself he was left behind; and, on both their accounts, the detection of his error occasioned the greatest agitation, as he not only trembled to think of what might be inflicted on Cormick, but was also alarmed at the idea of his, perhaps, being betrayed into uttering what he never intended. But there was no alternative but patience, and he endeavoured to collect himself, to listen to what was to ensue.

The corporal being brought forward,

one of the inquisitors, in a loud, harsh tone, ordered a book to be presented to him, that he might be sworn.—“Swear,” he cried, “by the sacred symbol on that book—swear to reveal the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and never, either directly or indirectly, by hint, word, or suggestion, reveal what you may either see or witness here, in any manner.”

The corporal trembled, and hesitated to comply; on perceiving which—“Swear, wretch!” repeated the inquisitor, in a voice of thunder.

“I—I will,” stammered out Cormick; “that is, provided your honours’ reverences first satisfy me, that by doing as you want, I shall not—the Lord be our defence and shield!—bind myself, in any way, to the devil!”

“Peace, fool, and swear!”

“Blessed saints guide and protect me!” said Cormick, as he kissed the book.

His name, religion, country, and station

in life, were now demanded, and all his answers being given, and duly entered, it was asked whether he knew the nature of the accusation against him?

“No, how should I,” was the reply, “when I don’t know that there is any thing I can be accused of?”

“Presumptuous wretch! but if there were not doubtless daily sins and iniquities to accuse you of, is there not the accusation against you of having assaulted the servants of this Holy Office, whom it was your bounden duty to have obeyed with fear and trembling?”

“As to being my duty, that is one thing,” said Cormick, coming a little to himself; “but as to obeying them with fear and trembling, that’s the way in which, I am sure, they must be obeyed, whether one likes it or not.”

“This insolence again, and you shan’t have the power of repeating it!” said one of the inquisitors; “this is no jesting business, I promise you.”

Cormick gave what appeared to be an

involuntary shrug, and then endeavoured to assume a properly submissive look.

“Are you not guilty,” was demanded, “of the assault of which you have been just accused?”

“Why, as to that, your reverences, I don’t know how that may be,” said Cormick; “for, in the first place, I didn’t know at first that the soldiers belonged to your reverences; and when I did, it was but natural I should stand up for my master.”

“Oh, it was your master, then, that instigated you to attack them! That’s right, proceed with the truth, and rely on ensuring safety at least to yourself.”

“My master!” exclaimed the corporal, in a tone of evident alarm—“he instigate me! No, such were not my words or meaning.”

“Wretch! this prevarication, after having sworn to speak the truth! Beware how you forget again the solemn oath you have just taken! and, without farther hesitation, acknowledge all you

know! of the crime your master has committed."

"Crime!" repeated Cormick—"crime! crime is as distant from him as, I am afraid, heaven is from some of us here!"

"What, insolent again!" exclaimed an inquisitor—"away with him!"

"Stop, brother," interposed another; "let your just indignation be suspended; we will examine him a little farther, to endeavour to get the truth from him, ere we give him to punishment." Then turning to Cormick—"To come to the point at once, know you aught, wretch, of the monastery of St. Francis?"

Cormick started; then, evidently making an effort to appear collected—"Why, yes, your honours—that is, I—I have the pleasure of being acquainted with father Lawrence."

"And is that all? is father Lawrence the only medium through which you know any thing of the convent?"

The corporal, it was now evident, became alarmed; it was plain to O'Brien,

that an idea of the prisoner there having been the occasion of what had since happened, had occurred to him; and that he hesitated in consequence what reply to give. Whilst deliberating, the curtain behind the inquisitors was a little drawn aside, and a glimpse of father Lawrence was caught, holding up a dagger in a threatening manner to Cormick. Again Cormick started, and—"Blessed powers!" he cried, "what's to be done!"

"Have you not already heard, wretch?" was the reply, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, but then——" And again the curtain, which had been slowly dropped, was raised, and the figure of the confessor, as before, or still more threatening, again presented to the view of Cormick.

His distress now became great indeed. In short, he felt as if he had got between two fires, to escape one of which he must inevitably run upon the other; clearly perceiving, from the knowledge it was evident to him the inquisitors had obtained of the affair of the prisoner, honesty would



be the policy with them, he felt inclined to speak the truth; but, from the conviction that if he did so, he should, inevitably, from the menacing looks of the confessor, and his having the power of obtaining access to this abode of horrors, fall a victim to his vengeance. In the most agonizing perplexity he rubbed his forehead; inclined to be candid, yet convinced, if he followed his inclination to be so, it would not be long ere the dagger of the confessor was lodged in his heart; and still equally certain, if he were not, of being stretched on the rack of the Inquisition ere another hour.

Something, however, he saw must be said, and accordingly—"Why, an' please your reverences, there was, to be sure, a man. But then, whatever we did—that is—that I did—was entirely out of good-nature; and so——"

"Oh yes, we observe—whatever your master, as you say, did for him. But how was access obtained to this man? that's the question."

“Why, please your reverences——but there he is!” exclaimed Cormick, at again beholding the confessor, with a more menacing aspect than ever, holding up a bloody dagger to him——“Blessed saints! how can I satisfy both parties? Your reverences desire me to disclose the truth, and the confessor tells me, every moment, if I do he’ll murder me!”

“The confessor! there’s no confessor here. But this is a trick——this is affectation of madness. The truth this instant, or away with him to the question!”

“Oh, blessed St. Patrick!” cried the distressed corporal, “what’s to be done?——If your reverences will but look——” He paused, under the sudden persuasion of its being useless for them to do so, from the conviction of the confessor, if it was not the devil himself that had assumed his shape, having some hiding-place to retreat to, and that, consequently, they must be still farther exasperated against him for an assertion that must then appear so false.

“This is trifling beyond what was ever

before tolerated!" exclaimed one of the inquisitors, now rising in extreme indignation; "I protest against its being any longer permitted! Officials, do your duty."

At this dread command, two spectral figures, rendered still more hideous by their clinging garments of black, approached to seize poor Cormick. He started back, as they attempted to lay hold of him; all the horrible stories he had heard of the infernal place rushed to his recollection. Death, in any common form, he could have met, perhaps with as much coolness as any one; but to die by inches—to be torn, mangled, dislocated—nature sickened at the thought, his brain reeled, and he fell senseless on the ground.

In this state he was carried off, leaving Donaghue in one that may easier be conceived than described. With difficulty had he checked himself from rushing to his assistance; nothing but the conviction that the effort to render him any would be defeated, and that, by making it, he should probably accelerate his fate and his

own, prevented him. What would that be? but he should probably know too soon.

Nearly overpowered, he retreated to the place he had come from. He had not been here long, when one of the officials appeared with a lamp, and motioning him to follow, conducted him through several cold, cheerless, labyrinthian passages, to a wretched cell, containing a pallet, with a pitcher of water, and a small loaf beside it.

O'Donaghue endeavoured to command himself, but when he observed his conductor about leaving him, the effort was vain; rushing between him and the door, he eagerly demanded, was there no chance of his ever again beholding his unfortunate servant?

“No, none—not in this world! never, but in hell, will you again see him!” was the reply, with a look that seemed to say, there was exultation in the thought of inflicting torture; and pushing him aside, the wretch darted from the room, and secured the door.

“Demon!” exclaimed Donaghue; “but all are fiends alike here! fiends, wearing the semblance of human forms! for none others could glut themselves with the infliction of unnecessary torture.”

His anguish, at the idea of the poor corporal's fate, was for some time hardly endurable, aggravated as it was by the reflection of being the cause of it; but at length he began to encourage hope, the last stay of the wretched, to trust that it was not as had been represented, that either to wanton cruelty, or misapprehension, was owing the assertion that had so tortured him; but supposing the worst, there was an end of further suffering, and there was comfort in the thought—his brave and faithful Cormick was beyond the infliction of further tyranny; and if he still lived, he was still under the care of an almighty and superintending Providence, that, in a moment, could rescue him from the hands of his tormentors.

Wonderful is the effect of Divine consolation! When all is dreariness and horror

within us, from the want of human consolation, what would become of us, if we had not this to turn and cling to? As Donaghue gave way to these reflections, his mind became softened and calmed; still, however, it was in a state that precluded repose, and he accordingly continued pacing the narrow limits of his cell, now and then stopping to gaze on the sky, which was all that he could see from the height of the narrow grating that supplied the place of a window; but the faint light it emitted soon became overcast, through a coming storm; the wind rose to a hurricane, and torrents of rain shortly began to descend; and Donaghue, being then in utter darkness, threw himself upon his wretched bed, where, by degrees, sleep stole over him, occasioning a short respite from pain.

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“ Sacred rest,  
Sweet pleasing sleep, of all the powers the best.  
Oh, peace of mind, repairer of decay !  
Whose balm renews the limbs to labours of the day.”

Vivid lightning, flashing across his eyes, roused him from this; he had hardly

opened them, when he fancied he beheld father Lawrence at the foot of the bed, with a dim lamp in his hand, earnestly regarding him. Yet it seemed so improbable that it should be him, that Donaghue knew not how to credit his sight, and, more than once, in consequence, rubbed his eyes, to be convinced they were not deceiving him, but still the figure of the confessor stood before him.—“Can it be?” at length he cried, “or is it the vision of a distempered imagination?”

“No,” was the reply; “you imagine nothing that is not the fact; I am that basely deceived man, the confessor to the monastery of St. Francis, whom you, and your wicked servant, laid your plotting heads together to impose on, through hearing of my simplicity, and kindness of disposition, and good nature. So heinous an offence as that of endeavouring to ensnare the unsuspecting and harmless could not escape punishment. Your wicked abettor, or agent, has already met with that

fate his villainous imposition merited; and, trust me, it will not be long ere you receive the same. Since, then, all in this world is over with you, my son, I have come, out of Christian charity, to exhort, and advise, and implore you, as you value your immortal soul, to endeavour to make your peace with the next world, by resolutely refraining from any thing that may be likely to occasion any further trouble to an innocent man, who, as you well know, was led, or rather drawn in, to do what he did, entirely out of pure benevolence. In short, to criminate me, while it could do you no good here, must, from the injury it might be the means of doing me, but incense Heaven still more against you; let me therefore, for your own sake, conjure you to let nothing wring any confession from your lips respecting me; and, in return for your promise to that effect, I am now ready to accord you my forgiveness for the past, and assure you of my prayers for the speedy release of your sinful spirit,



from that grievous purgation it must expect in the next world."

"I thank you, father," replied Donaghue, composedly, "for your offered consolation, but cannot think of practising the deception that could alone obtain it for me; since, if I promised to act as you desire, I should assuredly deceive you, as it is my fixed and unalterable determination, should they attempt to insult or outrage me farther than they have already done, in this diabolical place, to candidly state every circumstance that occurred since my arrival in Seville. It appears to me, that treachery has been employed to place me here, to fathom and discover which, there is nothing like truth; and I would not indeed insult the Being I worship, by a fear that adhering to his commands would involve me in still greater peril. Is it not to doubt his care, and justly to forfeit it, to suffer ourselves to forsake the broad road of integrity, for the crooked and winding ones of human sub-

tlety? Let what will, therefore, betide either of us from the truth, that, and that alone, shall be spoken."

"Wretch! infatuated wretch!" cried the confessor, in extreme agitation; "but since admonition will not avail, there is a way——" and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand into his bosom. Donaghue comprehending what he meant, and who, indeed, had all along been on his guard, instantly sprung from the bed. The confessor started back as he did so, and, ere Donaghue could seize him, vanished from the room, leaving him again in utter darkness, for the storm had not yet subsided, and

"'Twas yet low ebb of night, when not a star  
Was twinkling in the muffled hemisphere;  
But all around in horrid darkness mov'd,  
As if old chaos were again return'd."

He remained listening for some time with suppressed breathing; but the measured step of the watchful sentinel, pacing the ramparts of the prison, was the only sound he heard; all was as

“ Still as the bosom of the desert night,  
As fatal planets, or deep plotting friends.”

After such a visit, however, it was not to be supposed he could think of remitting his vigilance; he accordingly continued in a state of watchfulness till the dawn of morning began to pervade the cell; he then again threw himself on the pallet.

The day wore away without his seeing any one, and perhaps the terrible listlessness it left him was more difficult of endurance than downright positive pain would have been. The night advanced, and still no one appeared, and various were the conjectures to which this apparent forgetfulness of him seemed to give rise. He would at length, perhaps, have sought refuge from his weariness in sleep; but for the visit of the preceding night; but, in consequence of that, he conceived he should, probably, be provoking, or at least incurring, destruction, if he did not continue on his guard. He was accordingly pacing the cell, when

the door suddenly opened, and an official stood before him with a light.—“ Oh, you are up !” said the fellow ; “ well, so much the better, there will be no delay in your following me.”

Donaghue made no reply, nor asked any question ; he had no doubt of his being now about to be brought before the inquisitors, and, with a silent prayer to Heaven for strength and constancy to endure whatever might ensue, proceeded to follow his conductor. They passed, with extreme celerity, through numerous galleries and chambers, till at last they began to descend flight after flight of dark and noisome stairs, rendered so by the slimy damps that covered and hung about them. After proceeding till Donaghue thought they must be descending into the very bowels of the earth, he suddenly paused, and—“ Surely,” he said, “ this is not the way to the hall of examination ! have the inquisitors any other place for examining prisoners ?”

"Come on," was the reply; "this is not a place in which questions are allowed to be asked or answered."

Donaghue still believing it useless to resist, again moved on. He had not got much farther, when the air became so chill about him, as to make him shiver with cold.—"Whence can this cold vapour proceed?" he demanded of his guide, regardless of the observation he had just made.

"From Purgatory," was the answer, with a sardonic laugh. "No wonder you shake, for you are just on the point of entering a region of ice, in order to make still greater the contrast of that of fire."

Donaghue involuntarily looked round him at the instant, and found himself at the entrance of a large cavern, evidently hewn out of the living rock. The roof was arched, and from the sparry substance of which it was composed, flashed with a thousand splendours, as it caught the rays of the torch. It seemed to rest upon unequal pillars, so wrought and fashioned as to give the place something the look of a

Gothic cathedral; between many of them were deep trenches, and to many were affixed large rings of iron, too fearfully proclaiming the horrible purpose for which the place was intended.

Donaghue shuddered, and from a suspicion that was now beginning to seize him, would have hesitated to advance, but that while he had paused to look round him, the guide had hurried forward, and he saw if he did not hasten to follow, he should be left in total darkness; he accordingly hastened to overtake him, and succeeded just as he had gained the entrance to another cave. But hardly had Donaghue set his foot within this, ere all the pictured fires of the infernal regions seemed to burst around him, accompanied by repercussions, that appeared as if they would shiver the place to atoms. For a minute Donaghue was unable to recover from the astounding effect which the scene had upon his senses. Looking then for his conductor, he perceived he had quitted it by a door at the further extremity, which

he was then in the very act of preparing to barricade, while, at the same instant, the one by which he had gained admission slipped to, with a violence that seemed to declare human force would be unavailing to open it again. The horrible idea of suffocation instantly occurred to the imagination of Donaghue, and, with the velocity of lightning, darting through the sulphureous flames, burst open the door against the villain, as he had nearly closed it.—“Traitor!” he cried, grasping him by the throat, “I see what was intended; but——” Then perceiving him making an effort to get something from his breast, he thrust his own hand into it, and drew forth a dagger—“But, by my immortal hopes, I swear,” he cried, as he secured the weapon, “if you do not directly extricate me from the toil in which you have entangled me, and confess by whom it was you were induced to decoy me hither for destruction, this instant shall be your last!”

“Spare my life, senor,” cried the trem-

bling caitiff, seeing there was no hope of being able to free himself from the hold of Donaghue; "for your own sake, have mercy! for, without a guide, 'twere vain attempting to extricate yourself from these dismal catacombs. We are now on a level with the Guadalquiver, and, acquainted as I am with all the intricacies of the place, in a few minutes, if you but hearken to my prayer, you shall be restored to liberty, and informed of all I have the power of disclosing. If inclined to do so, let us not tarry longer here, if you regard your safety, lest the influence of these mephitic vapours should prove fatal."

"Conduct me then," said Donaghue, but still firmly grasping him by the arm; "and beware what you do; for I swear, should you make the slightest effort to disengage yourself from me, to raise your voice, or in any way let me think you still harbour evil against me, that instant this dagger," and fire darted from his eyes as he spoke, "shall be sheathed in your heart!"



They went on, and, after various windings, Donaghue began to feel reviving confidence within him, from the different air he at last began to breathe. Hardly had he noticed this, when they turned into a narrow passage, terminated by an iron door. Here they stopped, and the guide applying his force to the fastenings, in a few minutes it flew open, and the cold grey sky of early morn, with the Guadalquiver reflecting the soft shadows of the dawn, were given to the transported sight of Donaghue.

Thus restored to life—to liberty, what was his adoring gratitude! in adoration he could have thrown himself on the ground; but it was requisite to learn the treachery that had been practised against him, in order that he might know how to be on guard; and accordingly checking, for the present, the impulse of his feelings, he turned to the wretch, whom he still held, to demand the promised explanation from him.

“On my soul, senor,” began the caitiff,

in reply, "all I know I'll tell you, but that is but little. Why, or wherefore, or through whose means, you were brought hither, I know not; but that you have a bitter enemy in father Lawrence, the confessor to the monastery of St. Francis, is evident, and against him, therefore, I warn you. Through means of a friend here, he gained secret access to this place, for the positive purpose of effecting your and your servant's destruction, in one way or other, in consequence of your being acquainted with something which he conceived hostile to his safety. Your servant did not long survive his removal from the hall of examination. How he died, or rather, by what means, it boots not now to say; and there is every reason to imagine your fate would not have been much longer delayed than his was, had not this very day the Inquisition been again declared abolished by the Cortez, and an order been received from them for the enlargement of all the prisoners. Father Lawrence, still lurking within the walls,

no sooner learned this, than, intent on your destruction, he consulted with his friend, and between them it was devised that you should be secreted till night, and then conducted hither, to be left to perish. I was chosen to be the instrument of this barbarous design; that it has failed, you may thank yourself, or rather that Providence, that, for the purpose of enabling you to frustrate, endued you with such courage and quickness. This, senor, is all, I again swear, upon my soul, I have to disclose to you. I have kept my promise to you; from the Holy Office, now no longer in existence, of course you have nothing further to dread, and, as a generous cavalier, now restore me to that liberty to which I have restored you."

Ere the request was well preferred, the hand of Donaghue had begun to slacken its hold, so completely subdued was he by the cruel and untimely death of the poor corporal—"My brave, my faithful Cormick!" he cried, with a quivering lip, "how does the idea of your fate damp the

joy of this blessed moment! But if your freed spirit can look down, it must give it pleasure, I think, to see your memory embalmed with tears, and know you must live for ever in the heart of a grateful master!"

A little recovering from his emotion, he glanced towards his conductor, to say something by way of admonition to him, but he was gone. Slowly Donaghue proceeded; the alacrity of joy was deadened by sorrow; yet gradually, as he advanced, his mind became soothed in a degree, and calmed by the influence of the gentle dawn, the soft flow of the river, the purity of the yet cool air, and the awaking music of the birds, all seeming to declare what the benevolent intentions of the Deity were towards man, and what a paradise even this earthly scene would have been to him, but for his own baleful passions.

CHAPTER II.  
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"It is an employment worthy of a reasonable creature, to examine into the dispositions of men's affections towards each other; and, as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good nature and charity."

WE shall now return to poor Rosebud. Though infinitely more inclined to follow the carriage which bore away poor Donaghue from him, with cries of despair, than to make any other exertion, yet the necessity of some prompt ones for his friend was too obvious not to induce him to make a speedy effort for collecting his bewildered thoughts.

The first person he naturally thought of flying to was don Callan; but where was don Callan to be found? He had never exactly mentioned the precise situation of his castle, and unacquainted as every body appeared to be with such a person, the dis-

tracted doctor soon found he might just as well set out in quest of a castle in the air as in quest of it. Deprived therefore of any immediate aid or consolation from him, the idea of don Alonzo de Guzman next occurred, and to him he accordingly bent, without delay, his agitated steps; but no sooner had he begun to introduce the purport of his visit, than the manner of don Alonzo, which had at first been frank and courteous, began to change; his countenance altered—he grew shy—suddenly pleaded business as an excuse for not pressing the doctor to prolong his stay, and finally acted in such a way as to cut off all hope of receiving any service from him.

Reduced almost to despair by this, he now tried to recollect the names of those he had met at the Tertulia, and to as many as he could remember, he repaired the next day, but all acted uniformly like don Alonzo; a smile greeted him on his entrance, but no sooner was his business opened, than they seemed to shrink within

themselves; and poor Rosebud soon found that, in having a friend in the Inquisition, he had the plague-spot upon him, and might expect to be shunned accordingly by all.

What to do he knew not; all he could decide on was, never to leave Seville without Donaghue—to make it his grave also if he died there. All his happy flow of spirits and confidence in himself forsook him; he stole in and out of the inn, as if he had no right to be tolerated there; and indeed he every moment expected to be insolently turned out of it. At length, utterly overcome on the second night, he threw his exhausted frame on the bed, to try if he could obtain a short respite from pain, for since Donaghue had been dragged from him, he had not tasted sleep.

Hardly had he closed his eyes, ere a person entered the room, that would have made him open them with a cry of joy, had he been aware of the circumstance. In a word, the information Donaghue had received of the death of the corporal was

false; but whether he was intentionally deceived or not remains to this day a secret.

On the very night of his enlargement, Cormick, without having sustained any injury in the place, was also liberated, but somewhat sooner. His immediate inquiry was after his master; but he could hear nothing concerning him, or rather what he did hear, tended to induce a belief of his being no more; and from what has been already stated of his attachment to him, the agony excited by this belief may easier be conceived than described.

In a state of mind that rendered it impossible for him to rejoice at his own deliverance, he returned to the inn, where, being a great favourite, nothing could exceed the pleasure at seeing him again. Whilst receiving the congratulations of the people of the house, at his safe escape from all the horrors with which he had been threatened, he learned all that poor Rosebud had gone through; and, in consequence, when, on entering his chamber, he found him asleep, could not bring him-



self to disturb him, though he felt that it would have been a relief to his bursting heart to have immediately claimed his sympathy. Pity, however, prevailing over selfish considerations, he disconsolately retired to his own chamber, without making the slightest effort to wake him, and, mechanically undressing, went to bed; but the restlessness ever attendant on real grief would not permit of his long remaining in a quiescent state; and accordingly, shortly rising, he again repaired to the doctor's apartment, to try whether he was yet awake.

Now, though terror prevented any one from openly expressing commiseration for poor Rosebud, yet there were some that really felt compassion for him; amongst the number was don Alonzo, and in consequence he decided, since he could not administer consolation to him himself, to try and procure it for him through another person. Accordingly he sent for his confessor, and imparting to him his wishes, requested he might lose no time in calling

on the unfortunate stranger, and trying what he could do for the alleviation of his distress. It so happened that his confessor was father Lawrence, and a more agreeable command he could not possibly have received, since, in the first place, he knew he should be well rewarded for obeying it; and, in the next, it promised to afford him an opportunity of ascertaining whether the doctor had any suspicion of his being in any way concerned in the fate of those whom he deplored, and who, by this time, the priest felt fully assured, whatever trouble their friends might experience on their account, would experience no more themselves.

It was late when he got don Alonzo's message, and accordingly the night was somewhat advanced ere he arrived at the inn to obey his charitable directions.

Without stopping to be told more than where the doctor's chamber was, he proceeded forthwith to it, with a lamp, which, having deposited on a table, he was advancing to the bed, when the apparition

of Cormick, as he believed, stood before him; and certainly a more terrific one could scarcely have been imagined.

The corporal, whose eyes were steadfastly fixed on the confessor, in astonishment at what had brought him there, instead of dressing himself on quitting his bed, had merely wrapped a sheet round him, that, clinging to his form, and partly trailing on the ground, made him appear much taller than he really was, a thing by no means necessary, while round his head was bound an old silk sash of his master's, which he had accidentally found on a chair, and substituted in place of the nightcap he was too heartless to look for, and through several of the loops of which, from the tightness with which he had drawn it, his flesh protruded; while several of the cords at the end hung over his face, pale and haggard with grief and recent agitation, appearing like so many streaks of blood, and giving it the look of being frightfully gashed and mangled.

It has well been observed, that “con-

science makes cowards of us all;" and no sooner had the priest beheld him, than, firmly persuaded it was his ghost come from the other world to reproach and torment him for the part he had taken in sending him to it, he began to retrograde from him, till he reached the bed, when, making one plunge within the curtains for refuge, he fell plump upon the breast of Rosebud.

It so happened, that at that very instant the doctor's disturbed fancy had represented to him his being in full chase of one of the inquisitors, and on opening his eyes, without being thoroughly awake, through the violence with which the confessor fell upon him, he instantly concluded, under the strong delusion of the dream, on seeing a figure in black, that it was the same he had been pursuing; and, under this belief, starting from the pillow, he seized the confessor with one hand, and with the other began belabouring him in the most unmerciful manner, between every blow, or rather thump, exclaiming

—"Where are they, you villain? Where are they—my friend O'Brien and his servant? Restore them!—say what you have done with them!—or, spite of your racks and wheels, I'll pull your Holy Office about your ears, you hypocrite!"

"I—I—I am not an inquisitor!" at length bellowed out the almost strangled confessor, by a violent effort extricating his throat from the gripe of the doctor.

"Who the devil are you then?"

"The—the confessor to the monastery of St. Francis."

"And what the devil brought you here, you porpoise?"

"I—I came out of Christian charity, to give you some ghostly advice and consolation."

"Oh, you did; and to prepare me for it, you meant I should be pressed to death. By the Lord, you were never so near meeting the punishment due to your sins as you are now," and as he spoke, unable any longer to endure the dead weight of the confessor, he made an effort to heave

him off the bed, in a manner that would have tumbled him from it, had he not caught at the bedpost.

Having given himself a shake, to recover a little from this violence, he was emerging from behind the curtains, when again the horrible apparition of Cormick met his view, and again he retreated within them, exclaiming as he did—"Avaunt! I say, avaunt, thou wicked one! Come not to torment me before my time!"

"What! avaunt, out of my own bed—my own chamber!" cried the infuriate doctor; and springing out of bed, he again fell on the unfortunate confessor.

"Oh, have mercy!" roared the other, as he continued to pommel him; "it was not you, it was the—the spirit I meant."

The doctor followed the direction of his glance, and, notwithstanding his disguise, or rather the imperfect light in which he stood, instantly recognised Cormick; in the extravagance of his joy, he gave a whirl to the confessor, that brought him to the ground, with a force that, for a few

minutes, completely stunned him, and rushing to Cormick, absolutely hugged him with delight.—“But where is he?” he suddenly demanded; “where is the darling lad? where is your master?”

A burst of anguish was the reply. The doctor wrung his hands, and then covering his eyes, was about throwing himself on a chair, in an agony of sorrow, when a sudden exclamation from Cormick made him look up, and, with sensations that may be imagined, but cannot be described, he beheld Donaghue entering the apartment.

Over the scene that ensued we shall pass; suffice it, Donaghue was the most collected of the three, being prepared below stairs for the appearance of Cormick, while both Cormick and the doctor looked upon him as one risen from the dead.

By the time their mutual transports had a little subsided, the confessor was beginning to recover from the stunning effect of his dash to the floor, which the corporal perceiving, gave a hint to the doctor, that

occasioned him to draw back directly. If the sight of one ghost is terrific, what must have been that of two? In the very extremity of his terror, the confessor roared aloud, as, on slowly rising from the floor, he beheld, near Cormick, the supposed spirit also of his master. The doctor, however, whose feelings were rapid in their transitions, stepping out, prevented any one from coming to his assistance. On finding this, that his roarings were ineffectual, he made an effort to quit the room, but which was prevented by Cormick's darting, or, as it seemed to his disordered fancy, gliding, with his long trailing sheet, between him and the door; while—"No, no, father," he exclaimed, "this won't do! you and I must have a little chat before you get off; that is, if you don't wish to have my troubled spirit still at your heels, for never will I return to the hole, let the cock crow ever so much, till you have confessed who it was that set you on to plan the destruction of my poor master and myself."



“ Oh! oh! I'll tell all I know,” cried the confessor, dropping on his knees; “ it—it was a man calling himself *don Proteus*, but who, I think, must have been the devil himself, to set me on to do what I did.”

“ Troth, likely enough!” cried the corporal; “ you black drones, in your hives, have so much idle time on your hands, that I shouldn't wonder if he busied himself, now and then, in finding a little work for you; and, faith, between ourselves, Lawrence, I don't think he could have found a person readier to do a snug job for him than yourself. But was he to give you nothing for serving him? did he act as generously by you as I did? You see, Lawrence, I have not lost my memory by the journey you sent me on.”

“ Oh, yes, he gave me a large bribe.”

“ That is, he lost a good many pistoles, and you picked them up. Well, go on with your confession, and then we'll see what absolution you'll be entitled to; but

I much fear, Lawrence, you must be put to a woful purgation !”

“ Oh, have mercy, and you shall hear all the truth ! He had got himself into some scrape with the government, and so he took sanctuary in our convent ; but where he had not been above a day or two, when there was an application to give him up ; on learning which, he offered me I know not what, if I would favour his escape ; but that no harm, innocent man as I was, might befall me, for aiding him, he proposed that a plan should be laid for making it appear that it was by means of another person it was accomplished ; and so, after a little consideration, your master was fixed on, because, he said, he had an enmity to him ; so that, if any one was injured on his account, he preferred its being a person he had a dislike to.”

“ He did ! by the Lord, I wish I had been at his elbow at the time ! And so, I suppose, when you came to me, you were quite prepared ?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, Lawrence, how I wish I had known that at the time, and what a different reception you would have met from me! it is not pistoles you’d have dropping then, but good heavy thumps on your shoulders! and what hinders me now?” cried the enraged ghost, darting towards him.

The confessor instinctively retreated; but when he saw the supposed spirit also of Donaghue approaching, as he imagined, to seize him, he lost the power of making any further effort; his senses forsook him, and he was carried out of the room in strong convulsions.

The doctor, who had not a little enjoyed the scene, attended his recovery, not, however, out of any charitable motive, but entirely to prevent his being immediately undeceived, that for one night, at least, he might be allowed to writhe under the terrors of a guilty conscience. A thousand boyish schemes were suggested for tormenting him still further; but which were

effectually put an end to by Donaghue's pointing out the absolute expediency there was for quitting the place immediately, since, with a priest for an enemy, he could not, notwithstanding the abolition of the Inquisition, think it was safe for them to remain any longer there; such is the blind respect in which the priests are held by the people, and, of course, so great their influence—an influence derived from the Goths, in whose eyes, monks, priests, and bishops, were considered infallible, and through whose blind veneration for them, they, at length, became the only judges in civil, as well as in ecclesiastical matters.

It was not natural to suppose, that a man of father Lawrence's disposition would not strive to revenge the rough treatment he had met with, exclusive of the wish he must have to rid himself of the dread he must be under of them, from knowing he was in their power; and, in addition to which, it was not unlikely, that the villain who had made him his agent in the treacherous plot that had

been carried into effect, might still be lurking in the city.

Donaghue explained all he thought to the doctor, and, in addition, revealed what he had hitherto been in ignorance of, the whole affair of the prisoner; and, ere he had well concluded, Rosebud became even more impatient than he was for their departure. In a word, immediate preparations were made for it, and ere another sun rose on the ancient spires of Seville, they were at some distance from it, all furnished by what had befallen them there, with sufficient for meditation and conversation. That don Callan was the villain who had planned his destruction, not a doubt remained on the mind of Donaghue; but what the cause of his bitter enmity to him was, was an incomprehensible mystery to him, such as he never expected to be able to fathom.

After a pleasant journey and voyage, they at length beheld the white cliffs of Albion again. As they drew near them — “Well,” said the doctor, “for a real

feeling of security, old England, after all, is the place! I love travelling; no one more delights in it than I do, or in adventures, that is, when they are all over, to have to talk of; but for a constant residence, give me the place where we neither fear racks on one side, or stiletos on the other—where the accusation of man against man is bold and open as his own nature. ‘England,’ as some poet observes—I believe Cowper, ‘with all thy faults,’ and what is there human without faults? ‘I love thee still!’ I would love thee, were it for nothing else, but that the moment the slave sets his foot upon thy shore, the chains drop from his manacled hands. The region of liberty must ever be the region of virtuous and generous sentiments, and a peculiar Providence must surely watch over and bless the land that has been instrumental to restoring man to his natural charter.”

They landed at Falmouth, and thence set out for London, having some regimental accounts to settle there, before

their return to Ireland. Rosebud was in no hurry to have them settled, so delighted was he whenever he found himself here, from the variety of amusements always to be met with. Long after the business was over that brought them there, he would have liked to delay, but that Donaghue, from the painful recollections that were here revived, was unable, at least with any pleasure to himself, to participate in his amusements, and that there was an imperative necessity besides for his speedy return to Ireland, in consequence of the confused state of a property that had lately devolved to him by the death of a relation. He had promised to accompany Donaghue to Altoir-na-Grenie, and the latter, shrinking from the thought of returning thither without a companion, readily consented to proceed with him to Teghadow, the name of his place, and remain there with him till he was at liberty to do so.

CHAPTER III.  
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“ Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood, and melancholy is the nurse of frenzy; therefore they thought it good you hear a play, and form your mind to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand charms, and lengthens life.”

THE friends embarked at the Head. No sooner had they got on board, than Rosebud, as was usual with him, set about seeking out amusement for himself, and soon succeeded to his wish. The persons on whom he depended for furnishing it to him, were an English man and woman. Having introduced himself to them, he allured them to the deck, where Donaghue remained, being too good-natured to desire to have all the diversion to himself.

“ *Von't* you please to take a *cheer*, sir?” said the lady, offering a vacant one, that stood by herself, to Donaghue, on hearing



he was the doctor's friend. "*Vell*, Mr. Wilkin'son," addressing her own companion, "I suppose *ve* shall soon be seeing Dublin; I *vonder* how far that *there* lake we are going to wisit is from it?"

"Upon my life, Mrs. Bentley, I have no *ideer*, but I should suppose not far, as they say on board this, that every one that comes to see it comes this way."

"You must know, sir," turning to Rosebud, "I am the wife of a rich man, living at Mile End, in Lunnon, and not being over well lately, the doctors adwised me to try what a little bit of a *voyeege* would do for me; and having been to Margate and Ramsgate already, and all *these there* places, my husband says to me, says he—'By way of *wariety*, my dear, I don't think but it would be pleasant for you to take a trip to *Hireland*, and see the fine lake there, that some one was talking about the other night;' and so consenting, as he could not come himself, on account of his business, for he is a great soap-boiler, you must know, sir, he settled that Jonathan

Wilkinson, his foreman, this good man here, should come in his place, to take care of me; and good care, I am sure, he will—*V*on't you, Jonathan?"

"*V*y, I'll do my best, Mrs. Bentley; I *hopes* as how I have always as yet been found trustworthy?"

"*V*y, yes, I must say you have, Jonathan.—But, as I was saying, sir," again addressing herself to Rosebud, "this *here* lake we intend on *wisiting*—we, somehow, don't remember its name, or the *patick-lars* about it; but perhaps, sir, you could tell us?"

"Me, ma'am!" replied Rosebud, gravely; "I am but a stranger, like yourself, to *Hireland*."

"Dear heart! vell, I suppose that's the reason we got so well acquainted in a moment, for 'tis *natiral* for people of the same country to get together."

The doctor nodded assent, and in this way continued to divert himself the principal part of the way.

As the packet floated over an unruffled

sea, towards evening, into the beautiful Bay of Dublin, what feelings and reflections were awakened in the breast of Donaghue, by the various objects that were presented to his view! on his right was the Hill of Howth, which, running far into the Irish Sea, forms the bay on the north side; to his left, the island of Dalkey, with a range of the most romantic scenery, rendered highly interesting by the historical recollections connected with many parts of it. He could not look at the peninsula of Howth, that, swelling into a lofty promontory, forms a grand feature in the scene, without reflecting, that on *Benhedar*, or the Bird's Promontory, its name in former times, stood the rath, or royal palace of Criomthan, memorable in his day for several successful descents on the opposite coast, in the time of Agricola—that it was a seat of the Druids, and, in after times, distinguished by the exploits of the brave sir Armoricus Tristrem, the castle of whose noble descendant still stands upon the spot, con-

taining the sword with which the valiant chieftain gained the victory on the day that gives its name to the family. Neither could Donaghue turn to the other side, without recalling the period when the fastnesses of the romantic mountains he viewed were the retreats of rival septs and of sequestered piety—when their echoes were now awakened by the war-cry of contending chiefs, now by the mournful chant of the pilgrim train. Beneath the shade of the oaks, that once spread over the now sterile surface of the Bird's Promontory, the mysterious rites of the Druids were once performed, some of their altars still remaining in the sequestered glens of the peninsula; while, at the other side, the bed of St. Kevin, with the seven churches, were, in after times, the resort of the Christian devotee.

Some way further on, Donaghue saw the spot in which his royal ancestor, the noble and the renowned Brien Boru, fell, after gaining the memorable victory of Clontarf; but no wonder he conquered,

for neither the physical strength, nor the spirit of Irishmen, in those days, was impaired or crushed. A chief was then a father to his followers, nor fled to another land, forgetful of their claim upon his kindness, and took care not to squander what he wrung from their toil, or acquired through their valour.—“ But now !” Donaghue sighed at the melancholy contrast, and at the same instant a blush, the hectic of a moment, flushed his cheek, at the recollection of what he had been so near becoming himself.

From these, and such like reflections, he was at length drawn by the grand city opening to his view at the bottom of the bay, seated on a plain, with the Dublin mountains forming a noble background to the south of the river, and, uniting with the still loftier and more varied range of the Wicklow ones, forming the south side of the bay, the whole of them indented with small bays and creeks, and adorned with elegant villas and cottages, intermingled with little villages and towns.

While yet Donaghue was gazing on the interesting scenery, the sun sunk in a flood of glory, beneath the waves that seemed to be gently bearing him forward. As he sunk, a soft mist began to float, like a silver veil, over the landscape, giving a shadowy beauty to many parts of it, not to be described; while the hues that painted the hills, the purple lights that gradually faded into distance, with the crimson glow that long lingered on the summits of the mountains, formed, altogether, a picture not to be contemplated, even by the coldest bosom, without admiration. But like all else that is beautiful on earth, it at last began to change and die away; the shades of evening began to deepen and condense, and darkness would soon have obscured the scene, but for a rising moon, that “o’er the dark her silver mantle threw, and in her pale dominion checked the night.”

How beautiful the reflection of her beams upon the rippling waves, and how finely did the pale and mournful light,

Donaghue conceived, harmonize with the wild, and now-apparently solitary scenes that seemed receding from his view ! But at length the vessel floated into the Pigeon-house Dock, and the bustle and confusion attendant on the moment of disembarking, put an end, for the present, to any further reflections on the part of Donaghue.

The name of the Pigeon-house, Mrs. Bentley concluded, was derived from its being a place for pigeons ; and, in consequence, observing, just after her landing, a heap of cannon balls, twenty-four pounders—" *Vell,*" she cried, "'tis a true saying, 'travellers see strange things.' Who would ever have thought that pigeons' eggs, in *H*ireland, were the size of my husband's head !"

Having gone through the usual forms at the Custom-house, they were immediately surrounded by a set of ragged men and boys, smacking their whips, and each pressing upon them his respective vehicle ; one protesting he had the easiest jaunting

car in Dublin, and another the most *illegint* jingle; one saying, if the party wasn't above six, he'd take them for *tin tinpin-nies* to town, and another for six, if they hadn't many trunks. Their wild looks, eager manner, and ragged appearance, at length began to alarm Mrs. Bentley; and her terror was not lessened by one or two of them at length making an effort to get her on their car.

After some consultation, or rather consideration, Jonathan thinking a jingle the safest conveyance of the two, Mrs. Bentley was handed into one, and the rest of the party followed; Rosebud having made it a point with Donaghue, that he would let him have his frolic out, by not objecting to accompany these people, that he might see how they meant to proceed.

They had scarcely got without the gate of the Pigeon-house Dock, when Wilkinson, addressing himself to the ragged driver—"Do you know this *here* place and country well?" he cried.

"Oh, botheration! is it me you are ask-



ing that? Ah, then it's myself that does right well; for wasn't I bred and born in Stoney-batter?"

"Did you," resumed Jonathan, "ever hear of any lake or lakes near Dublin?"

"Lake! lake!" repeated the fellow, as he scratched his head. "Ah, then, please your honour, whereabouts may it be?"

"I knows not, I am sure, nor can I tell; I never was in this *here* country before, nor ever travelled further in my own, than, of a Sunday, to Highgate or Hampstead, in the regular stage-coach; but a captain of a ship told me as how there was a fine lake somewhere about here."

The driver seemed to consider a few seconds, then—"Ah, please your honour!"—but suddenly, "be yez all strangers in ould Ireland?"

"Yes, all," replied the doctor, determined to ascertain what his drift was in asking the question.

Being satisfied upon that point—"If I wouldn't be laying a wager it's Crab Lake your honours mean," said the fellow.

“ Upon my life, I am sure I don’t know, nor can I tell; but I was informed a lord had a house and fine grounds not far from it.”

“ See if I wasn’t right; faith and troth that’s the very place. The *irel* of Charlemont has a fine house, sure enough, near it, and *iligint* pleasure grounds.”

“ I believe you count it a good ways from this *here* city?”

“ I do, your honour, and always did, though many would say otherwise; but if it’s a bargain your honour wants, I am the carman to get it from; I’ll take *yez* all for——”

“ First say,” interrupted Wilkinson, “ how many days, with this one horse, and a sorry animal I must say it is, you’d be taking us to this *here* lake?”

“ Days!—days!” repeated the fellow, as if in utter astonishment. “ Days, does your honour say, to take *yez* all to Crab Lake? Days! How many days!”

“ I thinks I *speaks* plain enough,” said Wilkinson. “ As it is a long journey, by

your account, and we wouldn't like to over-drive your horse, seeing as how I don't think he could bear it, I say, how many days would you be taking us to the lake we have come over to see?"

"Faith and troth your honour is a kind-hearted gentleman, to feel so much for ould Darby. But days, did you say, I'd be driving you to Crab Lake! that is all of *yez*?"

"Yes," said Rosebud, who had already made Wilkinson, to his and Mrs. Bentley's great joy, believe that he and his friend meant to accompany them in their excursion, "we are all of the same party."

"Why," cried the fellow, "*yez* all seem to be so good-natured, that maybe I'd better leave it to yourselves."

"No, no, neighbour," said Wilkinson, "my way is always to make a sure bargain beforehand, then there's no grumbling and finding fault afterwards. I say again, therefore, what will you have to take us all, with this one horse, to the

lake, every expence included, save our own entertainment at the different stages on the road?"

"Upon my conscience, and that's as good as my oath any day, 'tis a long bit of ground to Crab Lake; and then to drive *yez* all in this *iligint* manner!"

Hardly were the words out of his lips, than down stumbled poor old Darby on his knees, to the no small terror of Mrs. Bentley—"Oh, we shall be killed! we shall be killed!" she exclaimed, or rather screamed out.

"Ah, the sorrow fear of you, my lady," cried Mr. Pat Murphy, pulling up the poor beast again; "this was only a trick of poor Darby's, *becase* he heard us making a bargain; or else what do you think he was about?" addressing himself to Wilkinson.

"I *knows* not," replied Wilkinson, extremely vexed; "about breaking our necks, I suppose!"

"Is it he, the creatshure! Ah, then,

sure such a thing never entered his head; did it, my ould boy? But I'll be bound it didn't, for a better-hearted creatshure than ould Darby is nowhere to be met with. What I was going to say to your honour was, that if it wasn't a trick he was playing, it was going to pray, perhaps he was, that we might have a good journey; but perhaps your honour never saw a capal say his prayers before?"

"A what!" cried Wilkinson. "I don't understand, *hinist* friend; but if you mean a horse, no; nor I hope I never shall again."

"By St. Patrick! but that's strange; and so your honours would be hiring me by the lump, as one may say. Well, that shall make no odds; and as I find *yez* be all strangers in ould Ireland, I'll be as cheap as I can, or as a poor man like me with thirteen children, and as many more, for aught that I know, to come, ought to be expicted to be; ask what I will, I'm sure your honours will give me a trifle at

the end of the journey over and above, with a comfortable bit now and then to ould Darby. Well, here goes; for the use of the iligint jingle, nine *tinpinnies*, for ould Darby to draw it, *tin tinpinnies*, and for myself to drive it, *tin more*."

"How much," gravely demanded Wilkinson, "do all these *tinpinnies* make?"

Murphy took from his pocket a bit of chalk, and marked on the shaft of the jingle, in streaks, as he thus proceeded: "For myself, as I look upon *yez* as all friends, being strangers in ould Ireland, there is *tin tinpinnies*, for ould Darby the same, and for the iligint jingle, that has taken many a lady and gentleman to Donnybrook Fair, and the little Dargle of a Sunday, nine more, making, let me see, one pound eleven shillings, and twopence, or fourpence, I won't be certain which."

"How many pence is in a tinpinny, as you call it?" asked Wilkinson.

"Two fives, an please your honour."

"Well then, friend, I can only say, by

my calculation, I can only make two tens and a nine, one pound four shillings and twopence!"

"Ah, then, your honour, how close we are to each other!"

"How do you make that out?"

"*Arrah!* is there any more nor a tinpinny or two between us?"

"I manage to make a difference of six shillings!"

"Pooh! that's because you reckon in the way of your own country, for every country has its own way, your honour; and, any how, what signifies the difference of six shillings? I, that am a poor man, think nothing about it!"

"No, I dare say not, when it's in your own favour; but——"

"Come, come," interrupted Mrs. Bentley, "nor vill we, friend, provided we find you civil and careful; but I am growing cold, the night has changed so, and wish, therefore, you'd take us, as fast as you can, to some good inn or hotel, if you know of such a one, for the night."

“Do I? ah! then let me alone for that. Did you ever hear, my lady, of my countryman, the duke of Wellington?”

“To be sure I did! every one has heard of him; wasn’t the grand illuminations we had in *Lunnun* all on account of his great wictory?”

“Well, my lady, please the pigs, as my grandmother used to say, the Lord rest her soul! you shall sleep in his hotel this night, where I’ll stay myself, to help to wait on you, and be ready to start with *yez* early in the morning, on our long journey to the lake, and where *yez* will be sure of getting a good bit and sup;” and so saying, he now, in right earnest, began to drive forward, having all this time, till now, been doing nothing but driving them up one road and down another, into the Circular one, that goes, as its name implies, round Dublin, to the no small amusement of the doctor, who was not a little diverted by his roguery; for it is now to be understood, that Crab Lake is an insignificant little place, about a mile or two



from Dublin, on the north side, never thought of, and, perhaps, hardly known, to many of the natives. No wonder, then, that Mr. Pat should feel astonished at being asked how many days it would take to go there. But, much as the doctor was amused by his impudence, in taking advantage of their acknowledged ignorance, to pass it for a considerable distance on them, he did not, of course, intend to let him carry on the joke beyond this night.

Mr. Murphy, now finding it high time to come to the end of a stage, stopped, at length, at a poor miserable house, close to the banks of the Canal, holding out a scarlet daub, underneath which was written—"The Duke of Wellington." Murphy, bidding the party wait a bit, went in first, and, after stopping a few minutes, returned, accompanied by another man, who, stepping up to the side of the jingle, evinced himself the owner of the house, by welcoming the travellers into it, and beginning to assist them to alight.

The night, as Mrs. Bentley observed, had suddenly changed; it had got extremely cold and wet, so that a comfortable room was a thing very much to be desired; what their feelings, therefore, were, at the appearance of that into which they were ushered by their host, with no little ceremony and parade, such as, indeed, a good deal raised their expectations, may well be imagined. Every thing looked dirty and wretched, and there being hardly three whole panes in the two windows, the wind, that, in consequence, rushed in with violence, almost instantly extinguished the candle, with which the landlord had preceded the party.—“What the devil is the meaning of this?” cried Rosebud, now beginning to get himself into a passion, from feeling uncomfortable.

“Have a little patience, your honours,” said O’Shaughnessy, “and I won’t be a giffy in doing something to keep that hellish wind out!” So saying he retired, but presently returned with a light, and his arms full of straw; depositing one in a

corner, that was screened, he proceeded to fill up the vacuums occasioned by the broken glass, by thrusting handfuls of straw into the windows.

In the mean time, Mrs. Bentley and Mr. Wilkinson had seated themselves, with mournful looks at each other, opposite to one another, at the fire-place. They had not long done so, when Jonathan, unconsciously stirring something at the bottom of the grate with his cane, a spark of fire issued from it, which he no sooner perceived, than, shivering with cold, he let drop his cane, and snatching up a snoutless bellows, that lay beside him on the floor, he set about blowing, what he conceived the cinders, with such vigour, as, in a moment, completely enveloped him, and every one else in the room, in a cloud of white ashes. Provoked, if not frightened, Mrs. Bentley was running out of it, when Wilkinson stopping her, called for the coachman, as he denominated the ragged carman; and on his obeying his summons, demanded, in no very complacent

tone, what kind of a place that was he had brought them to?

“Is it this snug hotel of the duke of Wellington’s your honour would be pleased to be axing after? faith, and its itself that is a comfortable place to be in, such a could wet night as this, barring the want of fire, and a bit of glass or two in the windows; but, stop, sure hasn’t Ned been after just glazing them? Och! blessings on him, if he isn’t a nate lad, I wonder who is!”

“Do you call a room comfortable that has not a bit of fire in it, such a night as this?” demanded Wilkinson, in a passion.

“Botheration! botheration! if that be all your honour wants, you’ll have it before you ask for it;” and off he flew. He soon returned, with a wooden coal-box, full of live fire, having thrown which into the grate, the box itself remained in his hands in flames.

“You may as well,” said Wilkinson, noticing this, “throw what you have in your hand after the fire.”

“Do, for God’s sake, or you’ll set fire to the house!” added Mrs. Bentley.

“Ah, then, madam, *does* you all think I am mad, to go for to burn the man’s household goods in such a way?”

“Why, what use is such a thing, after being so burnt?”

“What use! many a day he has got a worse singeing than this; wait, your honours, till I dip him in the pond without, and you’ll see how well he’ll look.”

On Murphy’s re-entrance, after ducking the coal-box—“Well, what can we have for supper?” demanded Jonathan.

“Why, please your honour, ould Ireland is famous for bacon and greens, which, with a nice fat fowl, might, any how, may be, do for this night.—I hope you’ll like a chicken, my lady?”

Mrs. Bentley answered in the affirmative, expressing herself very well pleased and satisfied with the proposed supper; and Murphy withdrew, to give the necessary instructions to the landlord.

The kitchen was opposite the parlour,

and Rosebud happening to be, at the moment, in the passage that divided them, but without being noticed by Murphy, from the hurry he was in, heard, in consequence, what followed between him and the landlord.—“In the name of St. Patrick,” demanded the latter, “what could put it into your head to promise *them* people such a supper, when you know, for love nor money, we couldn’t get a fowl out here?”

“Botheration!” cried Murphy, “do you only make up a bit of fire, get the pot on, and leave the rest to me.”

The fellow soon returned, bearing in his hand an immense dunghill cock, the head of which he had wrung off, and instantly set about stripping it of its plumage. At Murphy’s first entrance, O’Shaughnessy had not observed what he was about; but no sooner had he time to notice him, than he seemed to lose the power of motion, and stood staring at him with astonishment. At length, stooping down, and taking up some of the feathers to examine

them—" Ah, then," in a voice indicative of regret and anger, he exclaimed, " is it after killing poor Judy Melany's cock you are !"

" Hush !" cried the other, in a low tone, and attempting to close the kitchen door ; " burn the feathers, and who will be the wiser ?"

" By my soul now, I am grieved and sorry for poor Billy ; man and boy, I have known him these ten years, at least ; and what's more, I never knew any harm of the poor crater. But what will Judy say, when she finds the lad gone, that was as good as a clock to her ? By St. Patrick, but it must be jaws of iron that will be able to get into the flesh of the poor ould crater !"

" Come, come," cried Murphy, " what signifies grieving ! do you finish picking him, and hand me a bottle of the last *po-teen*, and if I don't, by a good dose, such as, I'll be sworn, they never tasted before, give such a stiffening to the jaws of these

foreigners, as shall make them think Billy a chicken, no matter !”

“ Having got what he required, he proceeded with it, with glasses, sugar, and warm water, to the parlour, and having made a strong tumbler of punch, handed it to Mrs. Bentley, with a recommendation to her to take it off directly, as the best preservative in the world against the *rheumatic*, to which every one, not born or bred in Ireland, was subject on first coming to it, if they did not do similar to what he now advised.

“ Only think of that, Jonathan !” said Mrs. Bentley, as she accepted the glass.— “ Thank you, friend, for your attention ; indeed I believe it was very necessary, as I feel a shivering all over me ; but,” applying her lips to the glass, and taking a sip, “ it appears to me very strong, though very good.”

“ Ah, my lady, that’s because you’re not used to it ; when you take more of it, you’ll think it weak enough.”

“ Well, friend, since you recommend it



so strongly, suppose you try your hand on a tumbler of it for me," said Wilkinson.

Murphy required no urging, and Jonathan having tasted it, expressed himself, like his friend Mrs. Bentley, much pleased with it—"Now that's down," he cried, "it has given such a glow to my whole body, as is mighty agreeable—I was so cold before; a sure sign the rheumatism was coming on."

"Ah, the devil a surer one!" said Murphy, mixing him another dose, which, from its strength, had nearly occasioned suffocation.

At length supper was brought in. Jonathan's eyes sparkled with pleasure and delight, as he viewed the fine large fowl Mr. Murphy had provided for him.—"It's a mighty fine bird!" observed Mrs. Bentley, as he helped her to a wing.

Rosebud and Donaghue declined any part of it, preferring bread and cheese, a circumstance that seemed to afford Wilkinson great pleasure.—"I am inclined to think," he said to Murphy, who officiated

as waiter, as he went on carving, "that you have brought us a capon, instead of a common fowl."

"An', please your honour, which do you like best?" asked Murphy.

"Oh, there's no kind of comparison between them!"

"Yes, but which does your honour like best," again asked the other, who never in his life had heard of a capon before, yet did not like to discover his ignorance, "the capon or the fowl?"

"Oh, a capon, to be sure! give me a capon, any time, in preference; and, I must say, this is as fine a one, judging from its size, as I ever before saw."

"See the luck I was in," said Murphy, with a voice of infinite satisfaction, "to order the very thing that was so agreeable!"

Mrs. Bentley cut and tore, and tore and cut, to try and get the flesh off poor Billy's bones; they appeared as loth to part as two lovers; but when, at length, she did succeed in getting a bit to put into her mouth,

her jaws were fairly tired in the mastication. Jonathan made a furious attack upon one of the old boy's legs, but he might as well have hoped to get his teeth into a horse's hide, after being well tanned and beaten; and, at last, completely worn out with fatigue, they dropped their knives and forks, and literally rested on their arms. —“Doesn't it please you, my lady?” asked Murphy, advancing to the table.

“Please her!” repeated Jonathan; “why what the plague bird is it?”

“A capon, your honour; what your honour is so fond of.”

“Then if it is, it is a devil of an old one! I never met with such a one before!”

“*Arrah!* and, upon my conscience, its laugh your honour makes me!”

“I see nothing to laugh at,” said Wilkinson, extremely disconcerted.

“Why then, perhaps, your honours likes the capons in your own country the best?”

“Yes, I believe we do indeed!” replied

Wilkinson, with much indignation and contempt.

“Because, in our country, they are so tender,” observed Mrs. Bentley.

“Ah! that’s what makes the difference between them,” cried Murphy; “in ould Ireland we never like our capons till their flesh gets a little firm, or hard; indeed, as a body may say, by their getting a little ould.”

“Good gracious!” exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, “what a difference in the two countries! why, in England, we always like the fowl of the same year.”

“Ah! then that same country of yours must be an outlandish place, my lady; it’s not tough mutton, I suppose, you’d be liking there, as we do here?”

“Come, come, friend,” cried Wilkinson, who had resumed his knife and fork, “you know how to play tricks upon travellers; for, now that I begin to look at this bird, I am much inclined to think him an old dunghill cock.”

“ A capon, your honour.”

“ A cock, I say! and, by the Lord, here’s his spurs half a yard long! Why, he has crowed for the parish these ten years, I dare say.”

“ Well, to be sure,” said Murphy, “ to see that some people will only see things as they like it themselves!”

“ Come, away with him!” cried Wilkinson; “ and, since we must make our supper of bread and cheese, let us have some good porter, I say, to wash it down, if this here country produces such a thing.”

The porter was got, and the rage of hunger being at last appeased, Wilkinson began to recover from the ill-humour which its being baulked in the first instance had occasioned. A glass or two more of the poteen making Mrs. Bentley sleepy, she, at last, demanded to be shewn to her chamber. Murphy, opening the door with the air of one of the first waiters in the kingdom, called, in a voice of authority, for the chambermaid.

The call was obeyed by a girl without

shoes or stockings, and with a rushlight in her hand.—“ Chambermaid truly !” exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, with a toss of her head, on seeing her ; “ why, in my country, the lowest pot-girl has shoes and stockings on.”

“ Ah, my lady, the sorrow a bit the better they are for that ; that’s what makes the girls in your country so saucy ; they are better fed than taught. I have a cousin who goes over every year to assist in getting in the harvest, and he says they don’t care what they do there. Now this poor thing only thinks of her business, and if she doesn’t like to be laying out much with the shoemaker, why who has a right to be angry ?”

Mrs. Bentley retired ; but her companion, as yet, shewed no inclination to follow her example. He at last, indeed, between a good fire and the poteen, seemed to feel himself very comfortable ; but his head was not long able to bear the strength of the latter, and, in a short time, in a manner that could hardly have been ex-

pected from his appearance, as he had a good deal the look of a swadler, he began to bellow out for the waiter, boots, and chambermaid.

Murphy, running into the room, demanded of his honour if all was not right?

"No, you rascal!" stammered out Wilkinson; "for I neither see boots, nor waiter, nor chambermaid!"

"*Arrah!* be asy, your honour; don't be going on in this comical way; how can you want boots, when they are on your legs? The waiter, myself, is beside you, and the chambermaid you can have no business with here."

"Why not?"

"Because your honour is in your bedroom already."

"How do you—make that—out?" again stammered Jonathan; "I—I see no bed here."

"But you won't be long so;" and so saying he disappeared; but almost instantly returned, with some trusses of straw, which, shaking out on the floor, he

threw some blankets over, and then, turning to Wilkinson—" Ah, then it's snug all of *yez* will be together here; what wouldn't hundreds give to be as well off as *yez* all will be this cold night, in this warm birth. Come, your honour, shall I help you off with your boots?"

" You—you arrant knave," stuttered Wilkinson, " do—do you think we—we are beasts, to—to—to have a litter made—made up for us!"

" Ah, then sure it can't be helped," said Murphy, in a coaxing tone; " your honour looks like a good-natured gentleman, and wouldn't be going, I am sure, to take the only bed in the house from the poor lady."

Wilkinson paused, and began to consider—" Is—is it large enough for—for—two?"

" Ay is it, for four."

" Then—then I'll take a—a nap on it."

" By my sowl, but you won't. Is it, let the Duke of Wellington lose its character by you! So come, botheration!



there's a good bed for you. If *yez* be going on in this way, how'll *yez* be up by cock-crow, to be setting out on this long journey we are going?" and as he spoke, perceiving the state Wilkinson was in, he whipped him up in his arms, and, without further ceremony, laid him down on the straw, and covered him up with a blanket.

Donaghue wanted not this finale to their adventures at the Duke of Wellington, to render him completely vexed and provoked with himself for having given way to Rosebud's whim. Exclusive of any consideration about himself, he felt sore that he should have given the slightest sanction to strangers being so deceived and imposed on. There was something unkind, inhospitable in it, that wounded his generous mind. Besides, it was doing an act of positive injustice to his country, to allow it to appear in such a light as a place where there was hardly civilization; and altogether he felt he should never be reconciled to himself, till he had done something to make amends for his indirect

connivance against them. In a word, it was settled between him and Rosebud, that, as far as possible, the *amende honorable* should be made them: and accordingly, the ensuing morning, on Mrs. Bentley's insisting, the moment she appeared, on Jonathan's taking her immediately back to England, from so wild and savage a place, Donaghue interfered; and by his mild and conciliating manner, prevailing on her to postpone her return till she had seen a little more of the country, a coach was sent for, in which the party was conveyed to the Hibernian hotel, with the size and situation of which Mrs. Bentley was not only delighted but astonished, having no conception, from the previous impression made on her mind, of there being such a place in the capital.

They did not, however, depart without Mr. Pat receiving a severe lecture for his roguery. Taking him aside, Rosebud protested he had the greatest mind in the world to take him before a police magis-

trate, an assertion however which was not strictly true, as his conscience would not have allowed him to punish him for what he had so much enjoyed, assuring him he would keep a watchful eye on him; and if ever he found he attempted a like trick, or did not recompense poor Judy out of what the party might perhaps be induced to give him, for the depredation he had committed on her, he would make him do so.

Pat cried and prayed, and finally pleaded poverty, and his thirteen children, protesting, that as all the English were made of money, and got so much out of ould Ireland, through the means of those who deserted it, he had not thought there was any great harm in trying to get a little of it from them.

Donaghue ordered a very handsome entertainment, of which the strangers partook as his guests. Mrs. Bentley was quite charmed with his polite attention, and the excellent fare provided for her, with such attendance as she had not been

much accustomed to; expressing it, as her opinion, that was there such a public-house, as she chose to style the hotel, at Mile End, it would have *wast* business indeed, particularly of an evening, when all the men from the docks were at leisure; and declaring that she had never ate a better dinner at the Ship, at Greenwich—the Green Man, at Barnet—the Plough, at Hampstead—the Fox and Goose, at Norwood—or the Bald-faced Stag, at Epping Forest; and, finally, it was very evident her sentiments had begun to experience a very favourable revolution with regard to the country.

Though she and her companion were by no means people Donaghue could in any way assimilate with, yet for two days, in consideration of the past, he devoted himself entirely to them; on the third, they set out in the stage-coach for the real lake, with letters of introduction, from Rosebud, to some friends he had there; and as still further amends for his freak, an invitation, on their way back, to his

residence. He and his friend soon after followed, accompanied by his attorney, Mr. Macdonnel, a very pleasant man, who proved a very great acquisition on the journey, from his perfect knowledge of every place through which they travelled; there was not an old church, castle, or tower, with the history of which he was not acquainted; and in addition to which amusement, he was able to give Donaghue a great deal of useful information concerning his native land. But the pleasure they derived from conversing was soon interrupted by a change in the doctor's humour; he grew jealous—fancied himself neglected, and, in consequence, gave way to a petulance that had soon the effect of silencing Mr. Macdonnel.

He could not have taken a more effectual way of punishing the other for this petulance; silence was, of all things, what the doctor could least endure, and accordingly, suddenly slapping Macdonnel on the back, he demanded what he was so deeply engaged in thinking on—"Though

I think I can guess," he cried, "that it is by what items you can best swell out a bill of costs against some unfortunate client."

"What's that you say about costs?" cried the other, with quickness, as if really roused from some deep study.

"Ha! how soon the mention of costs restored you to yourself, Mac?"

"Why, doctor, without the hope and expectation of emolument, I don't see how any man could be expected to undertake business."

"True; but the hopes and expectations of you gentlemen of the law about emolument, are, between ourselves, out of all rule and compass. Come, confess now, Mac—if you were only paid the twelfth part of what you demand, would you not be paid well?"

"It is a rule in the courts," replied Macdonnel, with a good-humoured smile, "that a man is not obliged to answer any question that makes against himself. But to be candid, ours is an unfortunate pro-

fession, insomuch, that were I beginning my life again, and, of course, had still the choice of one, I should prefer any other to it. The rapacious, unprincipled conduct of a set of rascals, vultures in human form, or vampires, or whatever else you please to call them, laying themselves out to suck the very life-blood of those who fall into their hands, has occasioned a stigma to be cast upon it, that makes all in it to be indiscriminately suspected alike; but the legislature has at last, in a degree, taken up the matter; and I hope the time is not far distant, when, by rendering it not an easy matter for any but men of some property to enter it, it will be freed from such wretches, not only a disgrace to whatever they are attached to, but also to the very name of men."

## CHAPTER IV.



“ Time, thou mayest roll thy years along,  
Thy lessons silently unfold ;  
The grave, the gay, the old, the young,  
Heed not the tale thou long hast told.”

“ АН, then, Cathala, my darling, do I see you again ! a little the worse for the wear, to be sure ; but no wonder, for many a long year has passed since I turned my back on you ; but if Time has not spared you, yet still, hasn't he been kind in throwing a fine green mantle of ivy over you ; while your own, those whom you sheltered from many a storm, have let you tumble and decay, without doing a thing for you ; but no matter, we shall see if we cannot make amends for their neglect, and keep your old head up a little longer.”

Such was the apostrophe of Rosebud, at the sight of his paternal home ; his com-



panions smiled; but still each with a look that seemed to say they understood what his feelings must be at the moment. Teghadow was an ancient castle, connected with, and, no doubt, in former times, forming part of the extensive monastery of St. Cathala, the ruins of which evinced what it must have been in its days of original splendour. Besides numerous cells and vaults, a great portion of the cloisters still remained, together with the chapel, that is, its east window and high altar, both adorned with beautiful sculpture, in high preservation, and sufficient of the walls to shew what it was; but the roof had given way, not however till the clustering ivy, that had gradually overspread it, had become so strong and luxuriant, as almost completely to supply its place, forming a perspective of green arches, inexpressibly beautiful; beneath the solemn shade of which Donaghue was often wont to indulge his melancholy reflections, after taking up his abode at Teghadow, as if

he loved to listen to the "moping owl, complaining to the moon, of such as, wandering near her secret bower, disturbed her ancient solitary reign." Before the high altar was the tomb of the foundress, with a curious representation of herself, in a recumbent posture; and altogether there was much here to awaken solemn reflection, and interest the antiquarian, in the ancient grave-stones, with curious inscriptions, that were scattered about, imbedded in rank grass and weeds.

It stood on an elevation, overlooking a narrow, winding glen, through which a river took its course; the glen was bounded, in the most romantic manner, by hills, rocks, and hanging woods; the rocks rose in various shapes, some from banks of wood, and altogether the scene was strikingly picturesque. There was, however, it must be confessed, more of beauty and romantic grandeur about Teghadow than of real comfort, having, as the doctor observed, been woefully neglected. The size of some of the apartments in the castle

however, as well as furniture they retained, proved its having once been a place of magnificence; and much as the doctor affected to despise any thing of the kind, it was evident he took pride in pointing out the numerous portraits of his ancestors, that hung in the chief sitting-room.

A few days after the arrival of the party, as Rosebud and his friends were conversing, one evening after dinner, on various matters—"There was a time, I believe, doctor," observed Mr. Macdonnel, rather suddenly, "when you would have sold your chance of the lands of St. Cathala a bargain?"

"Why, yes, Mac, I believe so; for, with all your scheming, I believe you would hardly have had the modesty, had a chapman been referred to you for my title, to have induced him to believe there was any great chance of his succeeding to them during his natural life. At one time, Donaghue, there were no less than nine between me and the castle and lands of Teghadow. There were—but no matter

who there were, they have all vanished before me, without my exactly knowing how, and here I am, the last representative of a family that was not altogether undistinguished in its day. What I went through, owing to the unkindness of those — But it's no matter now, they are gone, peace be with them! I bear no enmity to their memories; and instead of trying to excite your indignation, Donaghue, for Mac knows the family history already, by reverting to past grievances, will endeavour to amuse you, by giving you some account of this *here place*, as our friend poor Jonathan says.

“ You must know then, that St. Cathala was a Druidess, who, soon after the arrival of St. Patrick in this country, was converted to Christianity, and founded this nunnery, of which she became abbess, and where she died. The place continued to flourish till the dissolution of religious houses, in the time of Henry the Eighth, when it shared the general fate. What the particular services of my ancestors

were, I cannot take upon myself to say ; but that they were of some consequence, may be fairly presumed, I conceive, from the anecdote that is to follow. On the suppression of monasteries, numerous were the suitors to Henry for grants of the lands belonging to them. On one of the days set apart by the king for taking into consideration the various petitions for these, sir Hannibal Rose, my ancestor, happened to be in waiting, and who, however he might have lent himself to advance the claims of others, had never yet been allowed, by his modesty, to advance one of his own ; I say, he was in waiting, when suddenly the eyes of Henry became steadfastly fixed upon him, a circumstance that the capricious temper of his royal master did not render very agreeable to him, who, as we all know, was more feared for his bad actions than loved for his good ones. After undergoing this evident scrutiny for some minutes, with no very easy mind, he was motioned to approach the table at which the king was seated. On his obeying—

‘ Sir Hannibal,’ said the sovereign, ‘ how is it that you, who have fought, and bled, and pleaded for us, have allowed us to nearly forget your services, when the power of so amply rewarding them has occurred? I grant, however, that a king should never need to be reminded of what he owes a faithful servant; from this moment, therefore, consider yourself transplanted into the rich lands of Teghadow, attached to the dissolved monastery of St. Cathala, in Ireland, on this one condition, that you henceforth allow the family name to be Rosebud, instead of plain Rose, though a name to be liked, if it was for nothing else but being that of a flower that always brings sweetness to your idea, and was the badge of two royal houses; but I choose the addition of bud to the flower, having ever considered it an emblem of the human heart, that however internally lovely, still needs kindness and favour to make it expand to full perfection.’

“ Such, O’Brien, is the tradition pre-

served in our family. The royal grant was a noble one; but I am sorry to say, I believe very little benefit will now accrue from it to your humble servant—a sad race has gone before me; but, hang care, let the worst come to the worst, I still have fifteen shillings a-day, and a bachelor, with some old walls to shelter him, may contrive to live upon that.”

“I wish we could say you were sure of half that out of Teghadow,” observed Mr. Macdonnel, producing a rental; “but what by mortgages here, and mortgages there, the property may almost be considered a nominal one. However, there are some bond obligations, the judgments on many of which have not, as we call it, been kept alive; so that, if you choose to take advantage of this circumstance——”

“For what?” interrupted Rosebud; “perhaps to be the cause of making some innocent people go without a dinner, that I may have a little more money to spend, perhaps on idle vagaries, or put up in my

strong box. No, Mac; as my agent, you are doing your duty to mention every thing to me; but still, as a man not utterly contaminated by your honest profession," and he laughed, "were I to profit by your hints, I am convinced you would deem me a scoundrel. We'll take an early opportunity of examining into every thing appertaining to Teghadow; what is fair, that is, what my conscience makes me consider so, shall be allowed; but, of course, nothing else, for I delight in the punishment and disappointment of knaves."

"Very fair—very fair indeed."

"And now," resumed the doctor, "put up your papers, my good fellow, and a truce for the present to business; I will give you a sentiment, old as the hills, but that appears apposite at the moment—'May the honest heart never know distress!'"

Donaghue, now considering himself fixed for life in Ireland, naturally wished to attain a greater knowledge of the country



and the people than he had yet acquired: he almost blushed when he thought of its being yet to seek; but he was not altogether to blame; the strong and early prejudice that had been excited in his mind against both, had prevented—but he checked himself whenever the reflection occurred, from the consideration of the person who was to be blamed for the circumstance. The present he conceived a favourable opportunity for acquiring what he wished, and justice, both to himself and others, rendered him anxious for; for how, without knowing the actual value of land, could he decide about his own property; or how, without a perfect insight into the characters of the natives, determine what confidence was to be reposed in them? He soon found that the information he was solicitous for was not quite so easy of attainment as he might at first have supposed—that, in short, the *common* Irish were not formed for evasion without reason, particularly when a stranger came among them, whom at once regarding

with suspicion, they, in consequence, answered in such a manner, so indirect and roundabout, as, according to his temper or motives for the questions addressed to them, were sure of either provoking or amusing him.

Donaghue, however, persisted in what he had undertaken, feeling that if no other benefit resulted from it, it at least, at times, diverted his thoughts; and there was often a weight of wo upon his heart, that rendered something of the kind necessary. In one of his long rambles one day by himself, for his companions were now very much engaged in business, a heavy shower drove him into a cabin for shelter. The family were all thrown into a bustle on his entrance, by their eagerness to provide his honour with a seat; a little white-headed boy was the person who succeeded in getting him one, which as Donaghue accepted, he threw him some halfpence, to lay out with a wretched old woman, that was passing at the instant with a basket of gingerbread. After a few observations

to the woman, on the family by which she was surrounded, he proceeded, as usual, on entering such places, to address some inquiries to the man.—“Whose land is this you live on, my friend?” he began.

The man, as if perplexed by the question, scratched his head for some time without replying; and then—“His honour’s, honey; who’s else should it be?”

“What’s his name?”

“Ah, then, please your honour, is it squire Power you’d be asking about? Faith and troth, it’s himself we haven’t seen this many a long day.”

“Is it from Mr. Edward Power you hold your farm?”

“*Arrah*, Nelly, who is that ould man who comes here, and a black sight, I am sure, he is to us, looking after the rint? sure it’s not Michael Kelly, Patrick O’Shaughnessey, nor yet Tim Flaherty!—Faith, your honour, there’s so many of them coming for it, that we don’t know what they are called.”

“How much land do you hold in your own hands?”

“That’s, please your honour, how many barrels of potatoes I’ll get out of it?”

“No, what number of acres do you rent, and, in general, men of your condition; and what do you pay an acre?”

“Oh, then, any how, it’s we that are well taxed for the praties; what with the landlord’s rint, and the money to that ould rogue of a proctor, and father Murphy’s dues, the devil a praty we *eats* that’s not a lump of gould!”

“Do you consider the ground about here good?” He was interested in the question, as it very much resembled that about Altoir-na-Grenie.

“Is it, please your honour, the bog, or the mountain, or the midway?”

“No, I mean in general, what, one with another, may be considered worth an acre?”

“Oh, as to that, please your honour, seven times more nor any body, that could help it, would give. There’s a good bit

here, to be sure, and a good bit there ; but the devil a good bit they'll give any of us if they can help it, though they'll have the *rint* snug enough from us."

Donaghue gave up asking any farther questions on the subject he was anxious about, convinced that the inquisitor-general himself would not have succeeded in obtaining a direct answer where he was.

His attention was now attracted to the door, where the little boy to whom he had given the halfpence was striving, with a broomstick which he had got, and with which he was hitting them most unmercifully on the head, to keep out three pigs and a whole swarm of poultry, that, attracted by the steam of the hot potatoes the good woman was just pouring from the pot, into a large wooden bowl, for dinner, were endeavouring, with all their might, to make an *entrée*.—"What's all this about, my little fellow?" said Donaghue, rising, and going to him; "how would you like to be struck on the head, in the

way you are striking these unfortunate animals?"

"Sorrow take them!" said the boy, "if I didn't bate them this way, they'd be in, in spite of me, now that they smell the praties."

"But why not put them up, in time, in their own place?"

"Eh!" said the boy, as if not well comprehending him; "sure there's no other place for them than——"

"Than this?"

"Och, yes!" said the mother, "they come in at night, as nat'el as the childer themselves."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Donaghue, "and are you not afraid to let them be where your children are?"

"Ah, sorrow bit! it's not any harm they'd ever be thinking of doing them. There's old Grunty, that's as fond of them, as a body may say, as he is of his own."

While this short dialogue was going on, the cock, despairing of getting in quietly, suddenly sprung up, and flew over the

boy's head, and the hens followed. The clamour and confusion that ensued, between their triumphant notes of exultation and attack on the potatoes, made Donaghue, after throwing some silver on the table, precipitately retreat from this scene of riot and wretchedness.

But though Donaghue could not altogether obtain the information or acquire the knowledge he wished for, yet, as far as he could form a judgment, from what he saw and observed, he conceived the Irish, that is, the *common* Irish, by no means deserving of the character of thoughtlessness and improvidence; that it is to the higher orders, men in the rank of his late father, such terms can, with propriety, alone be applied; they, too often indeed, appearing to wilfully shut their eyes to the terrible consequences that must ever result from inattention to one's affairs; while those of an inferior description are patient of labour, frugal, thrifty, and industrious; and though naturally choleric, yet cool, collected, and wary, in matters of

moment, particularly when their own interest was at stake.

In their superstition he was no ways concerned; but he perceived, with regard to this, they were by no means behind hand with their neighbours, the Welsh and the Scotch, particularly the latter, as firmly believing in banshees, fetches, and the good people, as they style the fairies, as the others do in wraiths, brownies, and second sight. With regard to their bigotry, he conceived it a delicate matter to interfere in; with all due deference to the opinions of others, he could hardly avoid thinking it a dangerous thing, without there was a positive hope and prospect of their complete conversion, to attempt to weaken a faith that kept them under the control of men of piety and learning, who, having an interest in the country, it was natural to suppose would exert their influence to render them good and peaceable subjects. He had heard of many instances of restitution and atonement made, through the power of the



priest over them, and this was a circumstance that had great weight in making him view the matter in the light just mentioned.

Rosebud, after some days close attention to business, got so completely sick of it, as suddenly to decide on postponing, to a future day, the further investigation of his affairs; and, by way of making himself amends for what he had gone through, proposed a trip to Killarney, after which he promised to accompany Donaghue to Altoir-na-Grenie, and fix his quarters with him for the winter. Neither of his companions made any objection; it was vacation time with Mr. Macdonnel, and Donaghue fancied he found relief in change of scene, and, besides, had long wished to see the romantic beauties of this place.

The doctor, being a good-natured man, felt greatly for the wretchedness he saw about him, and which, from his long absence from the country, struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before, and, in consequence, gave notice to the poor

tenantry, that if any of them required any thing of him, or had any complaint to make, they were to take advantage of the short stay he proposed making at Teghadow, to let him know.

Three weeks passed away, and no one, either as suppliant or complainant, appeared; and on the very morning they were setting off on their excursion, Mr. Macdonnel was congratulating the doctor on the contented, satisfied tenantry he had, so unlike other landlords, when a whole troop of ragged, miserable-looking fellows, appeared advancing to the house.—“Good God, John!” demanded the doctor, with his usual quickness, of the servant who was in attendance at breakfast, and in a tone that evidently implied, had the hour been any other than it was, he certainly would have been alarmed by their appearance, “who are these men, or what can their business at Teghadow be?”

“They are your honour’s tenants, who, hearing of your being about going, are come to pay their respects to you.”

“Then do you go out, John,” cried the doctor, not displeased at the compliment, “and give some whiskey among them, with my grateful thanks for this proof of their attachment, and an assurance, that, as soon as ever I return, I will see them, but which time will not permit now, as the hour is late, and we have a long stage to go before night.”

That there was something more in their visit than Mr. John had chosen to intimate, Mr. Macdonnel was perfectly convinced, permission to ask being seldom neglected by an Irishman of their description; though it is a well known fact, they never, if possible, solicit a favour till such time as they conceive there may be something likely to prevent its being duly weighed; at the scene that followed, therefore, however he was amused, he was by no means surprised.

On the doctor and his friends appearing at the hall-door, they were received with loud cheers, much to the surprise of Rosebud, who imagined these visitors had ei-

ther by this time retired, or were regaling themselves in the kitchen. Finding, however, they had arranged themselves at each side of the hall-door, contrary to his expectations, he addressed a few words to them, expressive of the happiness he felt at finding himself the landlord of tenants so respectable, as to have no want or grievance to complain of, doubtless owing to their peaceable and loyal conduct; and, kissing his hand to them, was stepping after his companions into the chaise, when a pull by the skirt of the coat, that nearly brought him on his back, prevented this, and made him turn round, in extreme rage, to demand who the fellow was that had taken such a liberty with him?

“ Ah, then, please your honour,” cried the offender, a great, tall, gaunt-looking fellow, “ it’s the first time I was ever looked upon as a *spalpeen*, from my *edication* and manners. Faith, and it’s myself that was always reckoned to do the thing, whatever it was, *iliginltly* and *ginteeelly*. But look round, your honour, on the

handsome set of fellows that are waiting your honour's pleasure; and when your honour's informed I am *diligated* by them to address your honour, I think you will acknowledge I cannot be the *spalpeen* you took me for, any how."

"Well, what am I to understand by this?" demanded the doctor, but little appeased, being the last man in the world who could endure any undue liberty being taken with him, or being put out of his way; "what is your pleasure, sir?"

"*Och! oh hone!* your honour, I hope the day may niver come, when your faithful humble servant, or the likes of him, can brag that things are at their pleasure. As for myself, 'tis little that I want, or rather will ask, from your honour—although, blessed St. Patrick knows, how great my *nicissities* are—for my business is chiefly about the *craters* here."

"Why didn't you and they attend me within the specified time, sir? I gave due notice when I meant to depart; it was your business, then, if indeed you have

any with me, to have come before, not when I am just setting off with my friends, and my steward has departed for Dublin, who alone could tell me whether I was right in paying any attention to you, being totally ignorant myself about you all."

"Plase your honour, there's a cure for all things, be they ever so bad, under the sun, save death, as, I dare say, your honour well knows; so that the ignorance your honour bemoans I shall soon disperse, by the light I shall throw upon the several cases of these your honour's poor tenants. But it's first *nicissary* to shew, and which I think I can do to your honour's entire satisfaction, that it was not out of any perverseness on their parts, or a wish not to attend to the notice issued by the deputy, they did not come sooner, but entirely out of complaisance—'For,' says I to them, 'boys,' on hearing your honour's kind message, 'it would be the height of ill breeding in us to break in, full gallop, upon his honour, with our complaints, when he is quietly intertain-

ing and enjoying himself with his friends, just as if we thought of ourselves before him; so, instead of being guilty of such rudeness, let us patiently wait till his honour is on the wing, and then he won't mind a little interruption."

"You are very much mistaken," said the doctor, by no means satisfied with this explanation; "I must have been the best judge myself of the time I thought best to see or receive any of you; I therefore hold your present conduct, in intruding upon me at such a moment, highly reprehensible."

"Ah! then I hope not, your honour; or, at least, that you won't continue to be angry at it, for we did all for the best, and the great king, Brien Boru, were he living, could do no more *nor* act to the bish of his judgment, more especially as, if there be any blame, it must all light on my showlders, since it was I that advised *iviry* thing. On hearing that the chaise was come to take your honour away, the

boys came crowding round me with the news; so, says I—‘Boys, this is the moment to take his honour flying;’ and off I brought them, undertaking to spake for them myself.”

“You were vastly obliging truly,” said Rosebud; “and pray, may I ask what you have to say for them?”

“Oh, your honour, that’s soon explained!—Boys, give his honour three cheers, and then I’ll begin.”

The boys obeyed, and their spokesman then taking a paper out of his hat, after looking at it for a moment—“Come hither, Pat Kennedy,” he cried, “and put your best leg foremost to his honour.”

Pat made a scrape, as he took off his hat with a sheepish air, and the other thus proceeded—“Paddy, an please your honour, has twelve childer——”

“I have thirteen,” whispered Pat, giving him a twitch by the sleeve.

“*Arrah*, be asy, Pat! how can you make that out?”

“Don’t you know the way Biddy is in?”



“Och, botheration ! is it after reckoning your chickens you are before they are hatched?—Poor Kennedy, please your honour, has twelve childer, and another on the stocks, which he is in daily expectation of having launched.—Faith, Paddy, there are so many of you, I can’t rimimber every thing—what is it you want from his honour?”

Paddy hung his head, and said nothing.

“Arrah, Pat, is it bashful you’re getting? Come, spake out *bouldly*; don’t you see his honour is only waiting to see what you want, to grant it, long life to him !”

“Only lave, plase your honour, to take a little turf out of your honour’s rick.”

“A modest request enough,” said the doctor.

“So off with you, Pat,” cried the other, “and be sure you pray for his honour the longest day you have to live, for letting you have what you want so readily ;” and off scampered Mr. Kennedy.

“Ned Rooney’s the next.—*Arrah!* where are you, Ned? is his honour to be kept waiting all day for such *spalpeens*?—Och! here is poor Ned, snug enough all the time alongside of me.—What’s that you tould me you wanted, Ned, child?”

“Only a little grass for a cow, to give the childer a little milk with their praties.”

“Modest enough, as his honour says. Step aside, Rooney, and let Terence O’Loughlan shew himself to his honour.—Terry, boy, what’s that you’d be after axing for?”

Terence seemed abashed.

“Ah! then, Terry, any how, you are the last man of all the *tinants* that I had any notion would be sheepish—a man like you, that has had the honour of spaking to his countryman, *gineral Willington!* didn’t you present the gun, Terry, when the *gineral* tipp’d the cock of his hat to you? Tell his honour how you and the other Kerry boys knocked the brains out of the Frenchmen’s heads when they got tired of sticking them!”

“ I don’t want to hear any of his exploits,” said the doctor, angrily ; “ but I must observe, my friend, that you seem to be carrying on the war just as you please, and that, if not intending to knock out my brains, you are, at best, going on in a fair way to confuse and bewilder them, so that I mayn’t know what I am doing.”

“ *Arrah!* is it me, your honour——” But an immoderate fit of laughter prevented him, for some minutes, from proceeding in his vindication of his honesty. “ Why then, upon my sowl, your honour made me laugh, you looked at that moment so funny, just like your cousin Phe-lim, into whose shoes you have stepped ; he had just such a trick of curling up his nose when he was vexed.”

“ Let me have no more of your tricks,” cried Rosebud, still more angrily ; “ I’m not to be losing the day in this manner.—What is it you want, Mr. O——?” turning gruffly to the fellow for whom the spokesman had been just pleading.

“O’Loughlan, plase your honour.—Ah, then, Terry, is it yourself that has been keeping his honour waiting all this time, to know what you want, and be hanged to you!”

“I want only, plase his honour, a few barrels of *praties*.”

“Very well, Terry, very well!” pushing him behind, and dragging forward another man, a most miserable-looking ragged creature—“Plase your honour, this is Andrew Denny, the best ball-player, hurler, wrestler, jig-dancer, bird-catcher, and what not, in the barony—ain’t you, Andy? Oh, but, by the powers, Andy, how could you have the impudence to come before your lawful landlord, his honour, in such rags and tatters, any how?”

“Why, then, upon my conscience and sowl, and that’s as good as if I had bibles it, the devil another rag has Andy but what he has now on his own back.”

“Very fair, very fair.—Plase your honour, that’s honest enough of Andy; you see he has put all the rags he could find

on his own back, to pay his respects to your honour, leaving his wife and *childer* quite naked.—But it's some covering, I suppose, Andy, boy, you'll be wanting from his honour, for the good woman and the *gassoons*?"

"Why no," replied Andy, "we don't much mind the back, so the belly is full."

"What food do you want from me, Mr. Denny?"

"Turnips, please your honour."

"Turnips!" repeated Rosebud, in much surprise; "what, is it to feed your wife and children on turnips?"

"Oh! please your honour, let Andy alone, he knows well what he is about; there's not a man on the estate lives better than Denny and his family, let what will suffer by it, the hares and the rabbits—don't you, Denny?"

Denny looked sly, and was quickly pushed back to make room for—

"Hold! hold!" interrupted the doctor, no longer able to command himself; "this is carrying the joke too far; I'll allow no

more of these fellows to be intruded on me. Yet, before I depart, I desire to know who it is that has taken the liberty of forcing so many of them on my notice?"

"All fair, very fair, your honour! Why then, your honour must know, that poor, and low, and dijected, as I appear, yet still I am the legal *discindant*, in a right line, of Aod Dubh, called, by his familiar friends, Black Hugh, king of Leinster, whose mortal part rests from all the troubles and perplexities of this bad world in the chapel here of St. Cathala, his soul, I trust, in glory. It has often been hit in my teeth by the boys, what a *spalpeen* I was for not taking up arms to recover my kingdom. For preventing this I had many reasons. In the first place, my great ancestor, Aod Dubh, king of Leinster, preferring a heavenly crown to an earthly one, actually abdicated his throne, taking upon himself the poor habit of a friar, in a cell belonging to this monastery of St. Cathala; and in the next, I think it would be going against his intentions, if any of his *discindants*

thought proper to resume what he, for the sake of his sowl, deemed it better to resign. I was born to labour, and sure the morsel I earn with the sweat of my brow, is sweeter to me than a fine feast would be, if I thought it got at the price of the precious blood of any one. Striving for greatness in this world, would, I know, be wicked, and hoping for it folly; but for glory in the next I may labour, with every hope and assurance of obtaining it, if I but do my part in this."

"Give me your hand, Hugh," said the doctor; "I believe you are an honest fellow, though an impudent one; but your high descent excuses that. But is there nothing you require for yourself?"

"The saints best know what my necessities are," replied Hugh; "but it does not become me to specify. This much respect is due, I think, to my *blood*, not to put me on a level with these *spalpeens*, but leave it to my own *discretion* to supply them."

"Royal sir!" said Rosebud, with a

sneer he could not suppress, though not displeased with the fellow, "I shall consider my poor place honoured, if it can supply your wants, convinced that, with the usual generosity of exalted personages, in attending to them, you will not forget the rights of others. So good-by, Black Hugh; and, as the *dons* would say, to whom 'tis evident from your complexion you are allied, may you live a thousand years!"

"I respectfully beg to set your honour right on one point—my name. Many generations ago, one of the *discindants* of Aod Dubh, finding his father had brought down the vengeance of Heaven on the house, for taking up arms to recover the throne of Leinster, left his curse to any of his posterity who should give the name of Black Hugh to any of their children. My own father was a proud, overbearing man, and, in spite of all his relations, would give me the forbidden name; but in a way, being also cunning, that, he has been heard to say, the devil himself couldn't



take hould of it; I was therefore christened *Aod Hugh—Dubh Black—Felix Macarty!*"

## CHAPTER V.

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" ————— Who can paint  
Like nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amidst her gay creation, hues like these?"

ON the arrival of the party at Killarney, the weather not being considered favourable for a water excursion, they repaired to lord Kenmare's park, whence they had an enchanting view of the scenery. But we shall not attempt to particularly touch on what has already been so often and so well described: suffice it, the expectations of the travellers, highly as they were raised, were more than answered by the union of the sublime and beautiful, the awful and the picturesque, they beheld here; and that they justly conceived it worthy

of the closest attention of the philosopher, the naturalist, the bard—in short, of every description of men of taste.

“Ornamented as the lakes are with islands, and encompassed by mountains, resounding with waterfalls, and reflecting on all sides the umbrageous trees and evergreens that adorn its banks; while the fertility of the rocks is truly astonishing, where the trees, too ponderous for their feeble roots, are often bent towards the earth, and flourish, thus distorted; and equally curious the different species of shrubs, springing from the same decayed stock, which, no longer able to put forth leaves itself, serves as a nidus to others; while the power of echoes is here, in particular, shewn in an extraordinary degree, as they not alone multiply and reiterate the most common sounds, but swell them to an astonishing degree, particularly under what is called the Eagle’s Nest, and from the foot of Glénà’a, resembling a continual cannonading, then dying away; and, after a short period, the explosion is heard

again, reverberating from the opposite shores; but when the music strikes, it refreshes the ear with the softest melody, which is distinctly reechoed in harmonious sounds from the opposite hills. In short, altogether, the lonely situation, the romantic forms of the rocks, the various fruits of the hanging woods, the stupendous mountains that surmount and limit the view, raise a combination of such delightful sensations as are not to be described."

Long before this, it was concluded that Jonathan and Mrs. Bentley were on their way back from this *here* to that *there* country of their own, as they styled it. Our party therefore, in rambling about the park, were much surprised at encountering them, with two other persons; but it seems, at a little distance from the capital, the stage in which they had taken their departure for the Lake met with an accident, which obliging them to return, just as they were entering Dublin, they met with a Mr. Wakefield, a linen-draper,

in Ratcliff Highway, who had come over on business, and his wife, very particular friends of theirs, and who, by promising to accompany them on their excursion, if they would defer it a little, had induced them to do so.

Rosebud, from the amusement he expected to derive from the circumstance, was not sorry at the rencounter; and having repeated the invitation previously given them to Teghadow, and extended it to their friends, they immediately became one party.

After passing a few days very agreeably to all, the doctor having his joke, Donaghue his lonely ramble, and the others excellent fare, they all prepared to set out for Teghadow.

In the small village where they stopped for the night was a curious old church, positively asserted to be built in the time of St. Patrick, and as positively that a kind of hollow in a stone, known by the name of St. Patrick's bed, in the upper part of one of the old towers, was occasioned by

the pressure of the saint's body, and who, from having made it his couch while sojourning in this part of the country, had communicated a virtue to it, that rendered it efficacious in the cure of almost all complaints.

This marvellous story was no sooner communicated to Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Wakefield, than one recollected being subject to a pain in her shoulder, and the other to a toothach; and, in a word, it was finally agreed that they should try the virtue of this miraculous couch; but without letting their intentions be known to any one, save their own immediate companions. They were not, however, able to manage matters so secretly, that what they intended did not reach the ears of Rosebud, through the medium of the corporal, who, with his own servant, had attended the party to the Lakes, and it immediately suggested playing a trick, with the assistance of his informant.

Night was fixed on for the experiment; and as the hour approached for their re-

pairing to the church, Rosebud, wrapping himself in a sheet, over which a quantity of beads was hung, with a mitre, made by the corporal, of stiff brown paper, on his head, and an ozier in his hand, in place of a crozier, preceded them to it, accompanied by Cormick, and hid himself in the reading-desk.

On the arrival of the ladies, attended by the husband of one and the friend of the other, as without them they feared venturing, a kind of altercation took place, as to which should first ascend to the blessed couch, it not being allowed that more than one should repair to it at a time; to end this, lots were drawn, and the lot falling on Mrs. Wakefield, she stepped forward, with apparent good resolution, to the little tower, accompanied by her husband, with a lantern, to keep watch at the foot of the stairs till her return.

Hardly was she gone, ere—"What's all this about, Mrs. Bentley?" demanded Wilkinson, internally grumbling at being kept from his rest, and not perfectly com-

prehending the affair; "for I *declares* it's monstrous cold here."

"Why, as well as I can make out, from these here people," replied the lady, "there was a conjurer once lived here, who made a bed, something likes the celestial bed, I suppose, that I once heard talk of in *Lunnon*, that cures all manner of disorders by going into it."

"What was his name?" asked Jonathan.

"Why, they *calls* him St. Patrick."

"Oh, he was a saint then instead of a conjurer!"

"Oh, that's all one to these here wild *Hirish*, they don't know *no* difference between them, being, as you see, not of the religion of *we* in England."

"Is he dead or living?" demanded Jonathan.

"Why, I protests I don't know that, as I never asked."

"I wonder you didn't, Mrs. Bentley, for if he is living, God knows what he mayn't make you pay for coming here,

without knowing the usual price of admission."

"Vell, to be sure, so he may; but I'll tell you how ve'll manage; ve'll slip away just as quietly as we came."

Hardly had she said so, when a rustling was heard behind them; both stared, began to tremble, and, without further ceremony, retreated to the door, and effected their escape, leaving their friends to finish the adventure by themselves.

Rosebud, stealing softly from his place of concealment, advanced towards Wakefield, as he stood shivering and shaking, with a lantern in his hand, at the foot of the tower, wondering what *vagary* this was of his wife, to come to a church at such an hour, for the lady had not thought proper to explain her reason to him. At the sight of such an apparition as Rosebud, he began instinctively to draw back, till he could get no further, being pent up in a corner, when, finding he was stopped—"Who are you, for Heaven's sake?" he



exclaimed, in a tone of terror; "and what is your business with me?"

"Nothing in the shop way; for my own country furnishes what you deal in, in Ratcliff Highway; but my name is St. Patrick, and I am come out of kindness to your wife, who is now above in the old tower, so give me the lantern, and do you go back to the inn, and regale yourself with a glass of *poteen*, while I have a little chat with her."

Wakefield, who was a little thick-headed, and from never having troubled himself much about the saints of his own country, could not be supposed to know a great deal about those of another, immediately concluded that the figure before him was an old sexton, whose name was St. Patrick, and who, from having heard of the frolic of the ladies, had come, as perhaps he conceived in duty bound, to keep watch in the church, while they remained, or in hopes of getting a little money from them, and, under this persuasion,

gladly resigned the lantern, and retired, being extremely tired of waiting.

“Philis! Phillis! I say, Phillis!” cried the apparition, as he approached her, “what are you doing, stretched at your full length in my soft bed?”

Phillis, who, like the rest of the party, knew not who or what St. Patrick was, whether alive or dead, a saint or a sinner, sat up, in some little alarm, at this interrogation; and having, in a mild, modest tone, explained what had brought her there, concluded by hoping it was no offence.

“No; but my bed, Phillis, will be of no service to you, except you confess yourself to me, and promise to repent of all the faults I shall point out. You are a woman, Phillis; six-and-twenty years have rolled over your head, and you are a female still, and will continue one, I very much fear, to the hour of your death. You cried when you entered this world of wickedness, without knowing why, and it is a custom you have persevered in, to the great annoyance of your husband.

When a child, you knocked your dolls about, and wished yourself a girl—when a girl, to be a woman—when a woman, to be married—and——But, no, I hope nothing more, Phillis. But come, if you hope to derive any efficacy from the virtue of my bed, you must answer these questions. Are you envious? Do you ever speak ill of your neighbour? Or are you ever cross, whimsical, and fretful to your husband, without rhyme or reason? and take my word for it, except you can say no in reply to them, as sure as my name is Paddy, you are not in the least better than others.”

Phillis coloured and hesitated, and seemed greatly perplexed, but still without making an effort to open her lips.

“Oh, well, I see how it is,” said the saint. “Silence gives consent. Oh, fie, Phillis! I didn’t think you, who looked so demure, were given to backbiting your neighbour and scolding your husband; but you blush so, I perceive, there is some hope

of you, so tell me what religion you profess?"

"I am, sir, one of the new lights."

"New lights! bless me, what do you mean? You cannot mean you are a gas light! But come, I thought the light I introduced into this island many years ago sufficiently clear and bright to shew people the way they should go, without needing any other to guide them. Harken to me, Phillis, and take the advice of a friend, by returning to the path it illumines, or, in other words, give up the tabernacle for your parish church. My light will never want grace, because it's the real light; but God knows whether so much can be said for the others, that are starting up every day in every corner, stolen and pilfered from me. But, hark! I scent," here he gave a loud cough, as a signal to the corporal, who replied to it properly, "the morning air, and hear the cock crow! So, adieu, Phillis!" appearing to vanish from her view as he spoke, but very gallantly leaving the lantern behind him, that she

might find her way down the stairs, and out of the church, without risk to her neck.

Rosebud was so much amused with the English party, that he made it a point with Donaghue, they should, for a few miles at least, occupy part of the coach with them, in which they travelled. Donaghue might have objected, but that just as they were setting off, they encountered a counsellor O'Reilly, an acquaintance of the doctor, living in the direction they were proceeding, and whose horse having got lame, occasioned a seat to be offered to him in the chaise.

It soon became evident to the two gentlemen, from the titterings of the ladies, that they had some very amusing secret between them, which they only wanted a pretext to disclose. The doctor seeing this, and guessing what it was, soon furnished them with what they required, by inquiring whether he might ask what made them so merry that morning?

“ Oh dear, I'm sure I can't tell,” gig-

gled Mrs. Wakefield; "but Mrs. Bentley can."

"Me! not I indeed; I shouldn't have thought of such a thing. You, who saw all, can best tell all."

"Well then, doctor, did you ever see St. Patrick?"

"No, ma'am; I never had that pleasure."

"Dear, then I am sure you would have liked him *wastly* if you had, he's such a pleasant, respectable kind of old gentleman."

"And something like the doctor himself, didn't you say?" said Mrs. Bentley.

"Yes, only for his great long beard, like the tail of a cow, and the cap, with horns, on his head, and a dress like a white sheet, or a tablecloth, about him, but *vich*, I suppose, is the way the sextons in this *here* country dress, for the purpose of striking people with greater respect and *weneration*; and I must say it has that effect."

"And pray where had you an opportu-

nity of seeing this strange figure?" demanded the doctor gravely.

"Now don't for to be going to tell Mrs. Bentley, I desire you again," giggled Mrs. Wakefield, "for," affecting to blush, "I shall be so ashamed if you do."

"Pooh!" cried her husband, "I dare say by this time every body knows where you were; and if 'tis the custom to go into that bed, what the deuce signifies your having done so?"

"Why, not to you, I dare say," retorted the lady, somewhat nettled by the tone in which he spoke; "it seems as if 'twas no odds to you indeed where I went, or with whom I staid, by your leaving me alone, in such a lonely place, with a strange man. I'm sure, if he wasn't a saint by nature, as by name, there's no knowing what might have happened."

"Oh! as to that, my dear, I saw he was too old to be afraid of him; and, besides, I was shaking so with the cold, that I couldn't by no means have stopped *no* longer."

“What are you two talking about?” cried Wilkinson, with distended eyes; “sure you don’t pretend you saw St. Patrick, whom I heard all about while I was warming myself at the kitchen fire, after coming back from the church!”

“Pretend!” repeated the lady, with much indignation; “well, I am sure, I can’t but be obliged to you for that word, Mr. Wilkinson, meaning as much as that my husband and I don’t tell the truth. I say I saw St. Patrick, and heard him too; and good advice he gives, telling me to go back to my own parish church, and not mind the Tabernacle no more; and telling me how they have been stealing grease and fat, and what not, from him, poor gentleman, for these new lights they are putting up every where.”

“Oh, you must have been dreaming, in *that there* hod kind of bed you lay down on!” replied Jonathan.

“Well, so she may,” said her husband; “but, as to St. Patrick, I saw him myself.”



“ Well, if you did, it was a ghost you saw.”

“ A ghost!” cried Mrs. Wakefield, again repeating his words; “ do you think I don’t know the difference between a ghost and a man? didn’t I feel him, as well as see him and hear him? for when he was civilly putting down the lantern, by the side of the bed, that I might find my way out of that old ruinous place, my hand hit against his, and it felt just like any one’s hand; and did ever any one hear of a ghost having flesh on its bones?”

“ Well, and how old might he seem?” asked Jonathan.

“ Why rather an elderly gentleman; and, I dare say,” added her husband, “ but for his beard, he wouldn’t look by ten years as old as he does.”

“ Well, I believe if you were to take a great many tens off his age, besides one ten, it wouldn’t make no great difference in his looks,” observed Jonathan.

“ I don’t know that, for, I must say, I

never saw a man, of his seeming age, brisker or nimbler."

"His seeming age!" repeated Jonathan, in a tone of astonishment; "why, Billy, do you know what you are saying? But, come, come, don't be thinking of humming us any longer in this way, saying you never saw a man of thirteen hundred years old brisker or nimbler! it's not because your wife has said a foolish thing you are to uphold her in it."

"I declare I am going to faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Wakefield, "I am—oh! oh! dear, dear, is there no one who will step forward to take my part against such a brute, to *go for to sinuate* 'tis all a hum what I have been saying of St. Patrick! Surely, as a lady of honour, a respectable married woman, whose word would be taken at any shop in Ratcliff Highway, I shouldn't be used thus."

"My dear, don't wex yourself," said her husband.

"Yes, but I will; and I'll never forgive

you, if you don't prove and uphold your having seen St. Patrick yourself."

"Well, my love, so I will."

"No, I am not your love—I'll never be your love again, if you don't punish that savage, that bear there, who has had the audacity to give me the lie before such genteel company."

"I protest I meant no offence," said Jonathan, somewhat alarmed by seeing Wakefield clench his fist, and cast a wicked look at him; "I only meant to say it was morally impossible you could have seen a man of St. Patrick's age, being at least, as I have already said——"

"Oh dear! oh dear! how cruelly, how shamefully I am used!" again exclaimed the lady; "to be contradicted again, without that poltroon, whom I once called husband, but never will again, not taking my part! but I'll take my own, since no one else will; I'll not suffer myself to fall to the ground without an effort to save myself;" and as she spoke she was making a dart at poor Jonathan, when one of

the springs of the coach gave way, in consequence of a violent jolt over a rocky part of the road, and the party were fairly tumbled upon one another within it. The chaise, of course, immediately stopped, and they were speedily extricated, without any personal injury, from their unpleasant situation.

A good inn was close by, and here they ordered dinner, in order to give time for the repairing of the carriage. To fill up the interval, counsellor O'Reilly proposed taking them to view the pleasure-grounds of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had actually converted a once barren plain into a wilderness of sweets; after which he must bid them adieu, he said, to cut across the country to his own residence, distant about ten miles, and whither he gave them a pressing invitation to accompany him, but which was declined.—“This place fully proves what wonders can be effected by money, aided by industry and perseverance,” he said, as he conducted them through it, and still continued to expatiate

on the various objects that came under their consideration, till they approached the margin of a beautiful lake, with an island in the centre of it, embellished with wood, a neat cottage, sheep, cows, and enlivened by inhabitants, all busily engaged at work, when, suddenly stopping, in a tone of the wildest astonishment—"Why, how is this!" he exclaimed—"that island—that island was not there a week ago!"

"Not a week ago!" repeated Rosebud; "why, man, are you serious? If as you say, your friend, then, must have the lamp of Aladdin at his command, for nothing else could have enabled him to place it there in such a time, and state of perfection."

"By G—d I see how it is!" cried Mr. O'Reilly, with something of distraction in his manner, in drawing nearer to the edge of the lake, "that island was mine! cattle, trees, cabins, and inhabitants, all mine! and I am robbed! actually robbed, by G—d! this is one way of embellishing one's grounds, to rob another man of his property for the purpose!—Holloa! Darby,

I say!" to an old man on the island—"holloa, Darby, and be d——d to you! what brings my ground here? what, in the devil's name, has brought you here—and the cabins—and the trees—and the cows—and the sheep—and the——"

"Faith and troth, your honour," replied the old man, drawing as close to the water's edge as he could, "it must be by enchantment, otherwise how could the land lave its own rightful owner in the lurch, and slip quietly away, with us all on it, to become the property of another? When we went to bed the other night, we were tinants of your honour, and when we got up in the morning, we were tinants of squire O'Flaherty!"

"You lie, you rascal! you never were, nor ever shall be! Take back my ground, you old villain, with all my property, or I'll have you hanged!"

It appeared that a bog, on the estate of Mr. O'Reilly, had given way, and part of it, stocked and adorned as already described, been floated into Mr. O'Flaherty's

lake, being intercepted by a sand-bank, on which it quickly settled, forming a most romantic island. Mr. O'Flaherty was, at first, very much pleased with the embellishment his lake had received; but when he found the price at which it had been obtained, the bog, in its progress, having covered several acres of fine meadow land, he conceived he had infinitely more reason to grieve for its acquisition, than his friend, Mr. O'Reilly, had to deplore its loss.

When the fury of Mr. O'Reilly had a little subsided, he could not help joining in the laugh, which his insisting on old Darby's taking back his land had excited against him.—“It's a match,” said Rosebud, “for the assertion of a man of thirteen hundred years having been seen last night, brisk and nimble, and looking remarkably well for his years; but the fact is, we are all apt, no matter what our country, to blunder, when we speak without reflection, so, when we laugh at one another, let it not be done by way of ridicule.”

The journey ended without any farther mishap or incident worth mentioning; and, after passing a few days within the truly hospitable walls of Teghadow, the English travellers departed, highly delighted with the entertainment experienced there, and protesting, of all things, they should like to pay another visit to *Hireland*, they had met with so much kindness and civility in it.

## CHAPTER VI.

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“ Oh, happiness! our being’s end and aim,  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate’er thy name;  
 That something still, which prompts th’ eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
 Which still, so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
 O’erlook’d, seen double, by the fool and wise;  
 Plant of celestial seed, if dropp’d below,  
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign’st to grow?”

ON the departure of his English visitors, Rosebud, having leisure to look about



him, soon discovered that the king of Leinster had not been idle, neither his companions, during his absence, or allowed the permission granted to them to supply their wants to remain a dead letter on record. The doctor, wild with rage, at what he termed their rapacity and roguery, summoned his steward, and demanded how he had permitted such proceedings?

“Plase your honour, the business was done before my return from Dublin; on discovering the depredations that had been committed, I instantly set about finding out the offenders. This proved no hard matter—each was ready to confess how far he was concerned in what had been done; but for which they pleaded—that is, that schemer, Black Hugh, as they call him, for them—that they had your honour’s authority for the freedom they took with your honour’s property.”

The doctor now became sensible of the imprudence he had been guilty of, in giving such power as he had done, to a fellow with whose character he was totally unac-

quainted; but the consciousness that he was chiefly to blame himself could not prevent his finding fault with another; he attacked the steward furiously, accusing him of not having given him that proper information, on his arrival, that would have prevented or guarded him against what had occurred; and finally concluded by commanding that rascal, that had so imposed upon him, to be sent to him immediately.

This royal personage soon made his appearance, perfectly cool and collected, and, with a smiling countenance, welcomed his honour back to the castle of his forefathers.

The rage into which Rosebud was already thrown by a knowledge of this man's conduct, was now augmented to such a degree, by what he conceived his brazen impudence, as scarcely to leave him the power to articulate.—“ You—you—b—b—you black rascal, what a game you—you—you have been at in my absence !”

“ *Och !* the sorrow one, whoever *tould* your honour such a thing of your humble

servant grossly belied him! The devil a game was played at Teghadow, nor more nor that, in the ball-court of St. Cathala's, since you went away."

"What, do you intend to add mockery to robbery, you scoundrel! I suppose you'll be telling me you were legally authorized, by your birth, to commit the depredations you and your rascally companions have done on my property; but I believe you'll soon be convinced to the contrary, soon find you'll not have the reason you imagined to congratulate yourself on having winged me so neatly, as you call it, flying; for I shall see, my friend, whether I cannot send your majesty, with your faithful followers, in order that you may be furnished with a genteel court elsewhere, on a distant voyage."

"Well, to be sure, your honour can see if you like it; but if your honour is only patient for a bit, I think I'll explain matters to your satisfaction. When your honour so generously granted the permission you did, says I—'Here's great confidence

reposed in me,' for I took all upon my own sholders, 'and if I don't see that it's not abused, to the injury of his honour, I am not the man I represented myself to be.' The best thing, therefore, thinks I to myself, I can do, is, to let the boys have their full fling, by which means they'll be *imprist* with gratitude for his honour's kindness, that sorrow bit of them ever after but will consider his intirist as their own, and scorn to *ax* any thing more of him they don't honestly earn; so away I let them go to work.—'Well, boys,' says I, 'you see what a generous landlord you have, how he has let *yez* all have your wants; and, after this, won't *yez* be ungrateful *spalpeens* if you don't do something in return?' So, with that, they all came crowding about me, and—'Arrah, Felix,' says they, 'what would you be at? if 'tis spilling our blood for his honour, won't we do it?'—'Och, botheration,' cries I in return, 'is it him, a loyal man, that has been fighting in the wars, that would be after wanting you to do that! But is

there nothing else to be done, boys? isn't all the hedges, and ditches, and fences, about Teghadow, torn, and tattered, and destroyed; and wouldn't it be a ginteel, as well as a grateful return, in us, for his goodness, to set heart in hand to repair and restore them while he's away, so that, when he comes back, he may find a snug tight place of his own about him, and see that his kindness hasn't been thrown away upon a parcel of *spalpeens*?"

Mr. Felix spoke so plausibly, that, in spite of himself, as he proceeded, the ire of Rosebud subsided; and when, on going over the ground, he really found that what he had stated was correct, or rather, allowed him to infer, he could not avoid thinking himself amply repaid for what had been taken from him, and that Black Hugh had manifested no little shrewdness in the affair.

A few days after, in looking over his steward's accounts, the detection of a great deal of dishonesty occasioned his speedy dismissal, to the great joy of the poor te-

nantry, over whom he had been a complete tyrant. Rosebud had no sooner got rid of him than he thought of his friend Hugh, and finding, on sending for him, that he was fully competent to fill his place, immediately appointed him his successor.

The necessity of revisiting his paternal home had never once been lost sight of by Donaghue; but so many painful feelings were awakened when he thought on the subject, that, as long as possible, he wished to put off the dreaded moment; but a letter received just at this juncture from old Cormick, representing the imperative necessity there was for returning, without further delay, to Altoir-na-Grenie, if he did not wish to let every thing go to destruction, some of the tenants, believing he never meant to come back, not caring what depredations they committed on the land, induced him to make up his mind without further hesitation on the matter; and accordingly the doctor, as previously promised, began to prepare for accompanying him, when, on the very eve of de-

parture, some relations of Rosebud, whom he could neither think of offending or disobliging, arrived, most unexpectedly, at Teghadow, to pass some time there with him, thus putting it entirely out of his power to keep his promise with Donaghue. Which was most disappointed, it would be impossible to say; however, it could not be helped; and trying to derive consolation from the hope of shortly meeting again, the doctor pledging his word that the moment he was at liberty, he would follow to Altoir-na-Grenie, they parted.

Donaghue proceeded on his journey on horseback, attended by Cormick, the distance to Altoir-na-Grenie not being too great to permit him to reach it before night. His heart sunk within him as he set out; the idea of the cold, the dreary, the desolate home, that awaited him, chilled his very soul; in vain his reason represented to him, that the trials he groaned under were such as, in the course of nature, we must all expect—nothing could alleviate the anguish they awakened, for

there was no hope of the forlornness they occasioned being ever relieved. In study, to be sure, he could take refuge from his dreary solitude, or the bitter thoughts it excited; but without a being to impart the sentiments, the ideas it gave rise to—good God! would not this chilling consideration be sufficient to prevent his obtaining any consolation from it!

A feeling of impatience would sometimes occur at the view of his situation—the thought of being doomed to waste the bloom, the vigour, the glowing energies of youth, in inaction and obscurity! But still, as it arose, it was checked by the reflection of being himself the cause of what he had to deplore—that, but for his own folly, to call it by no harsher name, he might now have been possessed of the loveliest of her sex, of esteemed connexions, of social friends, of fortune, consequence, all that the heart of man covets or desires, or deems essential to felicity.

But, essential to his interest as was his return to Altoir-na-Grenie, yet, had he



not been assured that Miss Erin neither then was, nor would probably be again in the neighbourhood, nothing could have induced him to return to it, since, after what had occurred, the thoughts of death were not so dreadful to his imagination as the idea of their ever meeting again. 'Tis true, there was a fine seat, he understood, in it, belonging to her late uncle, and, of course, now to her father; but, judging of sir William Erin by the generality of men of rank and fortune belonging to the country, he did not deem it very likely that he would relinquish the splendour and gaieties of the English capital, where he had learned he now was with his family, for a residence in Ireland. But her absence from the neighbourhood made no alteration in the determination he had long formed, of keeping himself in utter seclusion whenever he returned to it. He knew how anxious his own immediate people were for his continuing amongst them at Altoir-na-Grenie, and he meant to make their absolute silence as to

his being there the positive stipulation for gratifying them. He certainly did not apprehend being inundated by civilities; what had occurred during his last stay there prevented any apprehension of the kind; but vulgar and impertinent curiosity might be excited, and he shrunk from being an object of it.

He tried to divert his thoughts, by paying attention to the various objects that came under his view as he rode along. Autumn was already advanced, and had begun to shed her rich gleams over the varied prospect, and he endeavoured to amuse his mind, by trying to count and classify the colours which she employs to diversify nature, and distinguish her reign from that of the other seasons; but he made little progress, for his ideas would wander. The scenery too was on too grand and extensive a scale to come under the confined control of human calculation; it was one indeed on which the mind could have dwelt with rapture, and there was a period when Donaghue's would have done

so; but he was now in too perturbed, too disconsolate a state, to permit him to do so; dread and heaviness hung upon his soul, and a thousand times he wished he could have retarded his journey. With all the slowness of reluctance he proceeded; still he got on, and towards the decline of day found himself near its termination.

The last rays of the sun had, by this time, faded from the mountain-tops, and in all around, the coldness and the bleakness of the approaching season seemed already displayed; at least, such were the melancholy feelings of Donaghue, that every thing seemed to wear a mournful hue to him. Slowly as he had previously been proceeding, he now tried to proceed more slowly, by every moment checking his horse, and making some pretext for entering into conversation with his attendant; in consequence, ere they had got much farther, sudden darkness fell around them; and Donaghue, well aware of the road before them, began to regret what he had done, from the danger he feared it

might be the means of exposing them to.—“What’s to be done, corporal?” he demanded; “would it not be better for us to alight, and seek shelter in a cabin till the moon is up?”

“*Och!* no, your honour, for that would be making it so late before we got home, for the moon won’t be up till late to-night; besides, I could go every step of the way blindfold; and, indeed, ’tis all the same, to be sure, as if I were now, it’s so pitchy dark.”

They accordingly went on, when, after advancing some way further, Donaghue, suddenly checking his horse—“We must proceed cautiously, corporal,” he said, “for I hear a fall of water.”

“Then we must be pretty near the entrance of the pass, please your honour.”

“I rather think we have already gained it, for my horse steps unsteadily, and, from his trembling, seems much alarmed.”

“That’s because he is English, and not accustomed to the soft bogs of ould Ireland. I’d recommend your honour to

alight, and exchange with me, when you'll be taken safe and sound, without fear or trembling, into the court-yard of Altoir-na-Grenie; for this ould boy of mine, from being born and bred in Ireland, knows there's no use in expecting smooth roads every where, so he puts down his legs carelessly and bouldly, and is never surprised, wherever they may go; if it's a good bit he meets with, all is well—if a bad, to him equally so; and as to its being light or dark, 'tis all one to him, being quite blind. So, come, your honour, take him, and I'll warrant the Englishman won't be half so much afraid, when he finds he's following his friend; for, though they didn't seem to like one another at first, I think, somehow, they have got fond of one another lately."

"No, thank you, corporal, I think I may venture to intrust my safety to my own horse."

They continued to advance, when, suddenly—"Hark! hark, your honour!" ex-

claimed the corporal, "is not that a shot out of the king's great fowling-piece?"

"I think so."

"And another—and another! then we are not far from sweet Altoir-na-Grenie."

Hardly had he announced this, ere the moon began to shew herself, rising above the summits of the mountains, and presently after gaining the high arch of heaven, poured a flood of light and glory upon this nether scene, that was at once solemn and beautiful. Donaghue for a few minutes could not withdraw his eyes from the beauteous planet; when he did, the ivy-capped towers, and ancient battlements, of Altoir-na-Grenie, appeared rising to his view.—"The lonely refuge for my sorrow," sighed Donaghue, as his eyes fell upon the dreary pile, and thought, with a mingled sensation of awe and melancholy, of the ages that had rolled over its ancient head, since first it was illumined by the chaste light that now partially fell upon it, and of the tales of suffering and of trial,

if endued with the faculty of speech, it might be able to unfold.

But his entrance within its gloomy gateway obliged him to try and collect himself. Nothing could exceed the rapturous joy of old Cormick and his wife at seeing him.—“And, now that you have come back, ’tis always to *be staying* here, I hope?” cried the latter.

Donaghue shuddered, and felt his very soul chilled at the thought.—“But she does not know my feelings—she cannot enter into them!” he sighed; “to her it must be the most delightful place in the world, for here she has her husband and her son, and she feels not the want that I do—the want of the bosom friend!”

He started, on entering the parlour, from mistaking a dark great-coat that lay on one of the chairs, for the mourning cloak in which he had attended both his parents to the grave.—“Here I am,” he cried, on being left a few minutes to himself, while supper was preparing for him,

“ returned to my home. But what a home! without a being to sympathize in my feelings—what a contrast to that of past times, when I had the first, the most exalted of women, the tenderest of mothers, to receive me, sooth any care that might have obtruded, by her mild counsel, or check any impatience! I thought at the moment I knew her value—I thought, from the persuasion of this, that I could not more affectionately love or regard her, and that, of course, whenever it was the will of Heaven to deprive me of her, I should be most unhappy; but I now find, that I knew not, in reality, the value of the jewel I then possessed, because I never seriously calculated upon its loss; when I returned to her, it was with a certain degree of delight—when I parted from her, my feelings were not equally affected with sorrow, because I bore in mind it was a loss I could repair, whenever I thought proper to come back to home. I have come back—but to what a home! without kindred to welcome me, without



friend to break in upon the dull monotony of my solitude, without hope, without prospect of revolving years changing my destiny—of to-morrow not being as to-day—and so on, till the grave yawns to engulf me and my cares for ever!”

Old Cormick, on whom the management of every thing had devolved at Altoir-na-Grenie from the time of Donaghue’s departure, lost no time, the day after his arrival, in laying a statement of his affairs before him. We shall not, at present at least, enter into a tiresome detail of these; suffice it to say, that, on a close examination into them, Donaghue found, that from the terrible manner in which the property had been managed, the valuable farms that had been let on leases, renewable for ever, for a mere nothing, hardly seventy pounds a-year remained for him, out of this once splendid inheritance, that, through so many generations, had descended to him.

How his father could have been induced

to act in the manner he did—how so wilfully to shut his eyes to the terrible consequences likely to accrue, from so entirely giving up his property to the management of others, filled him with the deepest astonishment; for to this last circumstance it was clearly evident to Donaghue, all the ruin and distress that had been brought upon the family was owing. Had Callaghan, the steward, been living, he would have been tempted to have called him to an account for his, he was convinced, nefarious conduct; but he was gone to his dread account elsewhere, and all that remained for the unfortunate youth to do, whom his villainy had thus despoiled, was to endeavour to bear with fortitude and patience the evils he had brought upon him. And to what was he doomed by this detection of his villainy, but what he had before anticipated, seclusion from the world; for all idea of reentering it was now indeed relinquished, since he saw he could not mix in it in a manner suitable to his birth. But so subtle is the nature

of hope, so unknown to ourselves does it lurk and linger in the innermost folds of the heart, that till this moment, it was now evident to him, from the withering pang he felt, he had indulged a delusive belief of not being positively compelled to the relinquishment he now saw inevitable.

“But, your honour,” said Cormick, suddenly breaking in upon the deep abstraction into which he unconsciously fell, “now that you have looked at the bad side of things, won’t you turn to the good? It will go hard with us, I think, if, with what remains of the land of Altoir-na-Grenie, and the stock upon it, we don’t contrive to make matters comfortable.”

“The stock!” repeated Donaghue; “what stock?” well aware that all that had been on the estate at the time of his father’s death had been seized and sold—“I fancy, in mentioning my poor charger, and Terence’s horse, all the cattle I possess is enumerated.”

“Pooh! pooh! no such thing, your ho-

nour; does your honour forget Billy, and Judy, and Nelly, and Caty, and——”

“ Oh, nephews and nieces !” said Donaghue, answering in that kind of vague tone that manifested his being lost in thought.

“ Oh, no, your honour !” as if a little vexed, was the reply ; “ but the horses, and cows, and goats, and——I give them these names by way of distinguishing them from one another.”

“ Well, and what have I to say to them ?” demanded Donaghue ; “ they are not mine.”

“ Oh, but they are !” cried the attached old creature, in a sudden transport of affection and grief, throwing himself at the feet of Donaghue, and embracing his knees ; “ they were bought out of the money earned in your honour’s family, under the best of masters, the best of mistresses, rest their souls in peace and glory ! and they, and I, and mine, and all that we have amongst us, are your honour’s.”

“ Now, now, I begin to comprehend you,” said Donaghue, with much emotion,

and forcing him to rise; "some other time, my dear old man, we will talk further on the subject. My first concern must now be, to obtain the corporal a good situation, for it would be a pity his youth should be wasted here. As I rather think my friend, Mr. Melville, has, by this time, returned from abroad, with his uncle, I shall write to him to-morrow about him: and now, my good friend, retire; it will be better for us both that you should do so at present."

Donaghue turned aside to a window, to conceal the emotion that impeded his utterance; but the old man perfectly comprehended what he meant, and, still more affected, instantly withdrew.

The scene indeed had powerfully recalled to the harassed mind of Donaghue the affecting one that had taken place between him and this faithful servant at the house in London, on the examination of his affairs there, while yet the corpse of his father lay unburied, under a hired roof, to protect it from indignity. He shud-

dered at the review, and was almost wondering how he had been able to support himself under the horrors that there encompassed him, when the door was thrown open, and the corporal almost rushed into the room.—“What’s the matter?” exclaimed Donaghue, a little surprised by his appearance, but at the same time hastily turning to a table, as he spoke, where some papers were scattered, in order to have a pretext for avoiding his eyes, for not even by him did he like the traces of sorrow he was aware were still visible on his countenance to be seen—“What’s the matter? Nothing unpleasant, I hope, has happened?”

“Yes, your honour, something very unpleasant has happened.”

“Indeed!” cried Donaghue, somewhat startled by this declaration, and involuntarily raising his eyes to him.

“Yes, your honour. It can’t but be unpleasant to a servant, who has lived from the day he was born with one master, served faithfully, by day and by night,

by land and by water, in peace and in war, to hear, all of a sudden, that he is to be turned off, made over to another, transported as it were."

"Good Heavens! Terence, what do you mean by this wild declamation?"

"Mean! haven't I just heard, from my father, that you are going to write to Mr. Melville to get rid of me!"

"Now, Terence, how unjust is that reproach! Are not you sensible, if I had the power of retaining you with me, that is, of rewarding you according to your deserts, I never would part with you? Since I cannot promote your advancement in life, I should consider myself guilty of very reprehensible selfishness, in taking advantage of your attachment, to keep you with me. My friend, Mr. Melville, will have a double motive for interesting himself for you; the knowledge he has of you himself, and of my anxiety about you. Take my advice, therefore, my dear Terence," pursued Donaghue, in a concilia-

ting tone, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the corporal, "and do not decline his services. In accepting the comfortable situation I make no doubt he will procure you, you know you are neither banishing nor transporting yourself from this; occasionally you can return to see how we are all getting on here, and how happy shall I be, and how happy will your poor parents be, to hear, from your own lips, that you are getting on well!"

The corporal attempted to speak, but emotion choked his utterance; the muscles of his features swelled, and at last tears gushed from him. He dashed them indignantly away—"And it is—it is you, Mr. Donaghue," as he was in the habit of calling him in early days, he said, or almost sobbed, "that have forced them from me; and I could almost say it was a shame for you, for you know how you are breaking my heart by speaking in this manner. I can't, to be sure, stay in your house against your will; but if I must quit, no one shall know where I go. But



you won't," he cried, suddenly seeming to recover himself, "I know you won't," turning with quickness on his master; "and I am a man again. I want nothing but to be let to stay with you; for isn't my pension, God bless the king who gives it me, fine wages for me!—more nor I should want to spend! So say the word—say the word, my dear master, that I am not to be driven away, and Terence is himself again."

Donaghue could contend the point no further. Unutterably affected by this strong attachment, he extended his hand—"And here," he said, "is my pledge, that, except you wish it yourself, you shall never leave me."

Terence fell on his knees, in a transport of gratitude, and kissed his hand; then starting up, he ran from the room to conceal the tears he could not suppress; and thus the scene closed between them; and Donaghue found himself formally installed the master of Altoir-na-Grenie, with his

affairs investigated, and his establishment settled.

The winter set in early, and with more than usual rigour; but hardy, vigorous, and strong, its frost nor its snows would have prevented the adventurous foot of Donaghue from scaling the mountain or traversing the vale; but there was a heartlessness about him, that hindered exertion. Independently of the common feelings of humanity, he took no interest in any thing; his lands had passed away into the possession of strangers, and he knew not who might claim or succeed him in the ancient towers that screened him from the world. In short, all appeared a blank to him; and the chilling sensation communicated by the circumstance deadened the natural energies of youth, and extinguished, in a degree, the fire and animation of a vigorous mind. He did not, however, suffer himself to give way to this kind of listlessness, or feeling of inanity, without sometimes struggling against it. He tried to reconcile himself to the idea of solitude,

by reflecting on the advantages that often accrue from it, the temptations it removes one from, the cares it exempts one from, and the leisure and opportunity it affords man to dive into his heart, examine the thread of his destiny, and see how it is that his own errors have served to tangle and perplex it; but this was not all—in such a range of country, how agreeably might he diversify it! if, in no other way, would not the leisure it would give him, to watch the changing seasons, to watch them gradually stealing upon one another, and deepening and blending into each other, serve to amuse it? How delightful to see the first timid flowers of the early year peeping forth, to enamel again their native soil—to feel the winds of spring abroad—to hear the voice of the turtle again in the land; to see the blossom succeeded by the fruit—the bright foliage of summer varied by the russet tints and golden gleams of autumn—the mists of autumn giving place to the bright blue bracing skies of winter! Besides, who,

that has not a perfect knowledge of rural scenery, can ever do perfect justice to the works of the poet or the painter, appreciate their descriptions, or enter into the feelings that awaken their enthusiasm? But it was on books he chiefly depended for relief from inanity and care; he still fled to them as a refuge from both; and from the effect they produced upon his mind, he felt that the man who is endued with a taste for intellectual enjoyments, can never be considered truly miserable.

A long continuance of frost was succeeded by wet weather; the westerly wind began to blow, and dashing the clouds it wafted on the summits of the mountains, with the vapours brought from the vast Atlantic, their contents inundated the country. All now indeed was a scene of gloom and dreariness; the amusements of pasturage and the labours of agriculture were suspended, while the mournful dashing of the waves along the coast, the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase and diminution

of the waters, raised in this now-lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns, completely hurt the spirits and affected the imagination.

Donaghue now almost entirely shut himself in his castle, except when some tale of distress allured him abroad to see proper assistance administered; but with such precautions, persisting in his determination of not letting his residence at Altoir-na-Grenie be known, that none discovered or suspected from whom the secret bounty flowed, that brought unasked relief.

CHAPTER VII.  
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" Not unfamiliar to mine ear,  
 Blasts of the night ! ye howl, as now  
     My shudd'ring casements loud  
     With fitful force ye beat.  
 Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,  
 The howling sweep, the sudden rush ;  
     And when the pausing gale  
     Pour'd deep the hollow dirge,  
 Once more I listen, sadly communing  
 Within me—once more mark, storm-clad,  
     The moon, as the dark cloud  
     Glides rapidly away,  
 I deem that the voice of spirits dwells  
 In their mysterious moans ; in solemn thought,  
     Muse on the choral dance,  
     The dead men's jubilee ;  
 Hark ! how the spirit knocks, how loud,  
 Ev'n at my window knocks—again !"

DONAGHUE loved to spend an hour or two in the library before he retired for the night. It served more to compose him to seek that rest that tired nature needs, for

the common road of life is dark and dreary. The familiar objects of human pursuit too generally raise the sordid and troublesome passions; but in the pursuit of study all is noble, liberal, generous; it drives from the thoughts all those low and mean considerations which were, during the day perhaps, excited in the mind by the worldly occupations necessity forced upon it, and which low and vulgar minds set a consideration on. To the man of philosophical observation the world appears as a theatre, in which the busy actors toil and weary themselves for his amusement; he sees the airiness of many objects that are pursued with avidity—he is acquainted with the false shew that surrounds him—he knows how short and unsubstantial are the good and evil that excite all the ardour of pursuit and dislike, and can therefore derive a degree of pleasure from reflection, of which they who are deeply, and even successfully, interested in them can never participate.

As Donaghue entered this apartment,

his heart ever grew lighter; he was immediately lost in an ideal world, or wrapt in the perusal of works that point out the road to endless bliss hereafter. On opening the door one dreary night, his ears were assailed by a kind of uproar in the room, and his light nearly extinguished. As he cautiously advanced, he perceived the noise that had surprised him was occasioned by the swinging to and fro of the numerous shades of his ancestors that hung upon the walls; judges, bishops, generals, admirals, senators, ladies, shepherdesses and their sheep, all appeared in dire commotion; the great wigs seemed to be in danger of being lost, truncheons shook, admirals trembled, ladies wavered, all, in short, all seemed to be reanimated, and determined on quitting the stations they had so long held; but Donaghue, at no loss to surmise the cause of this general agitation, soon put an end to it, by closing the window that had, by mistake, been left open.

Donaghue could not help dwelling a little on the incident; and—"How often,



perhaps, in real life," thought he, as he seated himself at a table by the fire, "did the originals of these shades need a friendly hand to compose and lead them back to tranquillity! and how much did the furious agitation of the recent moment remind me of those furious agitations that are so frequently excited in actual life, by clashing interests and petty animosities!" His eyes wandered over the pictures—"What a numerous race," he sighed, "have gone before me! The brave, the busy, the beautiful, now only glowing on canvas, and threatening, as if in mockery; and are those painted shadows all that remain of beings that but a few short years ago were full of life, of motion, and of spirit! 'Oh that my eyes could behold them, as they sit dim in the clouds! Of what are the skirts of thy robes formed? Are they gone on their blasts, like shadows of mist? Whence is the stream of years! Whither do they roll along! Where have they hid their many-coloured sides! I look into the times of old, but

they seem dim to my eyes, like reflected moonbeams on a distant lake."

Donaghue took up a book, but the hurricane without distracted his attention; the whirlwind was up in the wood, windows flapped, torrents roared, and the sea heaved its weltering billows with terrible fury against the rocks. The birds that nestled in the ivy amongst the old battlements and towers, disturbed by the storm, came, attracted by the light within, flapping their wings against the windows of the library, to try and force an entrance. An owl at length succeeded in making one; and flying straight towards Donaghue, perched on the table by him, where he sat quietly, apparently staring at him.

Donaghue could not help smiling, as he viewed its solemn visage.—"And did one believe in transmigration," he cried, "might not one be tempted to imagine, from its looks, that its little body enclosed the soul of some grave judge or bishop? Well, supposing one did, which of my ancestors should I be led to suppose had his spirit

lodged within it? Why, certainly, from the resemblance I think I trace between their countenances, that grave judge's yonder; and so, my lord," he said, "in consideration of our being, perhaps, indirectly related, allow me to shew you a little attention," attempting, as he spoke, to smooth its feathers, which the storm had a good deal ruffled; but hardly had he laid his hand on it, ere, seizing one of his fingers, it gave it a most inhuman squeeze.

"Upon my word, my lord," said Donaghue, when he had a little recovered from the agony this occasioned, "this is a very bad return for my intended kindness to your lordship, and a wide deviation from the golden rule of, I presume, your former days, that of doing to others as you would have them do to you. However, you may perhaps dislike any freedom; I shall not, therefore, in any way, run the risk of offending again, but leave your lordship quietly to the enjoyment of your own reflections, as long as you think pro-

per to honour my poor castle with your sage presence."

The bird blinked at him for a moment, as if paying all due attention to what he was saying, and then, hopping from the table, proceeded to seek for itself a snug corner in another part of the room.

Donaghue resumed his book, but still his attention wandered; he laid it aside, and opened his desk, for the purpose of re-perusing some of Melville's letters, who all this time, as we believe has been already stated, had been travelling about the Continent with his uncle. In looking for them, his eyes fell upon a roll of dusty papers, which, in searching in an old chest for some vouchers belonging to the castle, he had found a few days before, and on discovering they were not what he wanted, was on the point of throwing them back, when some words in them caught his attention, and excited just a sufficient degree of curiosity to decide him on looking over them at some future time. Besides, what an indignity to the fair lady, whose

production they were, to treat them with that contempt! for the writing was evidently that of a female.

Donaghue was at this instant in that kind of desultory humour, if the expression may be allowed, that inclined him to think there could not be a better time than the present for what he yet intended. Accordingly, untying the faded ribbon that kept them together, he began to unroll them. This he soon found was requisite to do with caution, for between damp, and time, and moths, they were indeed in a very fragile state, insomuch as in many places to be completely mutilated, and in others hardly legible; and Donaghue could not help smiling at the idea of the roll being just such a one as was fit to find in an old castle. To commence the regular perusal of it seemed, at first, too serious a business, for the papers were numerous and closely written, and for some time he kept turning them backwards and forwards in a vague manner. At length—"This is silly," he cried; "without a clue

it is impossible to comprehend them;" and so, seeking for the commencement, after passing over several faded lines, he regularly began as follows:—

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"You tell me you are wild for this wonderful ghost story, connected with an old castle, and that, in such a solitary place, I can have nothing better to do, than to sit down and gratify your curiosity by relating it. A pretty observation truly! Some twenty or thirty years hence, indeed, if you made it, I might probably allow the justice of it; but now, with somebody that shall be nameless here, and a whole host of handsome young men that are come down to spend their Christmas in the neighbourhood——But as I like to be good-natured, I will forgive your sauciness, and endeavour to oblige you, if I can. If I can, I say, for, in the first place, I don't know whether I shall have patience to go on; and, in the next, as I have never before tried my hand at putting a story

together, whether I shall please myself, as I proceed, in which, or either case, I shall stop short, but not to raise your expectations with any intention of ever resuming it again; so that, if not gratified, you at least will not be teased by a story like the king of Bohemia's and his seven castles, never ending, still beginning. By-the-bye, have you read the work to which it belongs? I ask you, because it is so recently come out; somebody brought it over from London to me, and I was so charmed—uncle Toby and corporal Trim have really got my heart between them; and as to the story of Le Fevre——But to begin my own:—

“Well then, to commence it, as my old nurse used to do her wonderful ones in the nursery to me, of kings and queens, good fairies and bad, distressed princesses, wandering knights, and enchanted and enchanting bears—Once upon a time, there stood, not a hundred miles from Altoir-na-Grenie, an old castle, that, in its pristine days,

was said to have equalled it in strength and grandeur, belonging to the once royally-entitled family of O'Connor. How this family fell, like their ancient castle, into decay, boots not here to mention; suffice it to say, that in solitary poverty here lived in the year — — — — —

Here there was an hiatus of some lines. Passing over it, Donaghue thus resumed:—

“The old man’s feelings at his altered fortune were aggravated by its having forced him to submit to a separation from his son. Unable to give him an independence in his own country, he was compelled to let him seek one abroad, by taking up arms under a foreign standard, his religion interdicting any thing of the kind in his own country. Young O'Connor entered into the service of Spain; he married in that country, and became the father of a lovely daughter, who remained to console him for the early death of her amiable mother.

“Years advanced. Old O'Connor found himself on the verge of the grave; his pil-



grimace had become a grievous one, and he was not sorry at finding it drawing towards a close; but his heart sunk within him, at the thought of its ending without beholding his son again; for neither age nor sorrow had deadened its natural feelings, and we love to indulge the idea of our eyes being closed by the gentle hand of affection. He wrote to his son, to impart

— — — — —

— — — — —”

Another chasm here occurred, and, after glancing over several defaced lines, Donaghue took up the story again as follows:—

“The circumstances that compelled O'Connor, on obeying his father's summons, to give up his commission in Spain, were not so much regretted by him as might have been imagined; the warmest affections of his heart centered in his native country. Besides, he was not without a hope, that, through some important services he had had the good fortune to render the English government while

abroad, his disability to enter its service might be overlooked; or, at least, that if it were not, some slight provision might be made for him or his child. A memorial to this effect was drawn up; but, alas! unbacked by interest, of what avail were the claims it modestly set forth for attention! and O'Connor's long estrangement from Ireland, together with the loftiness of his proud spirit, on his return to it, had prevented his seeking — — —

— — — — —”

Here was another blank. Donaghue hastily passing it over, sought for the next connecting line; for, though at the first mention of a ghost story, he had been very near throwing aside the papers, yet, as he proceeded, he had found a little degree of interest awakened, even by the name of the family.

“The disappointment to which he was finally doomed was aggravated by the tormenting uncertainty in which he had been long kept. ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and suspense racks the spirit.’

Oh! why will man be so cruel to his fellow-man! is it not enough to refuse, to dash the cup of expectation from the quivering lip of anxiety! Why must the bitterness of refusal be heightened by the insult of neglect—the barbarity of trifling! We often treat one another in such a manner, that it is enough to make one imagine we did not remember we were of the same species, travelling to the same goal, and all liable to the same changes and chances.

“But, to proceed without further sermonizing—but, as I was in for it, I thought I might as well try my hand at this also. Irritated and despairing, rankling with a sense of unmerited neglect and contempt, he returned to his dilapidated home, to brood over his disappointment, and try if he could devise any plan for the future.

“But his was not the only discontented spirit in the neighbourhood; there were others also that had wrongs to complain of. In short, a rising was in contemplation, and to obtain the aid of men of his description, inured to camps, and acquainted with mi-

litary discipline, was considered a matter of essential importance by the party. They had had their eyes for some time on O'Connor; the moment of irritation was regarded as a favourable one for putting his sentiments to the test, and accordingly, whilst yet his soul was all in a tumult at the treatment he had received, an overture was made him to become their leader. His resentment, not allowed to cool, was too keen to permit him to reject it, and ere he well knew what he was about, he found himself engaged in a desperate business.

“ One of the chiefs with whom he was associated was a youth of the name of Brennan. To this youth nature had been infinitely kinder than fortune, and perhaps this very circumstance, the kindness of one but aggravated his impatience under the cruelty of the other. To a quick and intelligent mind, a countenance of strong expression, and figure of commanding grandeur, he united, from the manner in which he had been brought up, all those

qualifications that were deemed essential for the adventurers in former days, and without which indeed it was decreed that no soldier should be received amongst the national defenders of his country—a poetical genius, and a foot so swift and light, as to allow of his treading on a rotten stick without breaking it. But the enjoyment of all these gifts seemed marred by a brooding and repining spirit, a rankling and indignant sense of individual wrong and national oppression. His grandfather, the descendant, or rather representative, of one of those old Milesian families, whose estates were wrested from them, to be bestowed on Protestant retainers of the government, could never speak on the subject with calmness; and having had the entire bringing up of the boy himself, through the early death of his parents, took care to imbue him with all his own inveterate prejudices and violent animosities. No wonder, then, that he should disclaim, as he grew up, all allegiance to a government he deemed at once unjust

and usurping, or wish to extirpate what he was made to detest, from a belief of being oppressive. Gradually he became moody and melancholy, a seceder from social enjoyments, and a frequenter of wild solitudes; but not for the purpose of indulging delightful musings, or having the spirit of poetry kindled within him, by the contemplation of the dread magnificence of nature, but of brooding over imagined injuries, and meditating wild and terrific plans of revenge. What he meditated he at last began to systemize; and by the time O'Connor had returned from his unsuccessful suit, regular associations were formed, and nightly meetings held.

“The object he had in view rendered Brennan incapable of regretting the disappointment sustained by O'Connor, and the anticipations he indulged from it were shortly verified. Hardly, however, had O'Connor consented to unite himself with the party, than, like the seduced spirit, Abaddona, he repented; not so much, however, perhaps, from any alteration in

the feelings that had incited him to the measure, as a gloomy presentiment of the horrors likely to accrue from what was in agitation. Rendered desperate by fortune, these, perhaps, on his own account, he might have disregarded; but in his fate he knew his daughter's involved, and for her sake he wished he had taken a little more time for consideration. But the die was cast, the Rubicon crossed, having bound himself by oath to the party, and in consequence become the repository of their secrets, he conceived himself bound, by every tie of honour and generosity, to remain attached to them. In every respect, indeed, he had committed himself too far to recede; his daughter, at the instigation of old Brennan, had been removed to his abode, and he felt aware that it concerned her safety to let no appearance of wavering or repentance be seen in his manner. Dark and distrustful, it was to a doubt of his fidelity indeed was owing the wish of old Brennan to have her com-

mitted to his care, though he made his granddaughter's anxiety for her company the pretext.

“ His abode, the remains of an old rugged castle, on a rocky hill, bare of almost every convenience, and exposed to all the fury of the ocean, was sufficient to chill almost any imagination. The heart of Morna sunk within her as she entered within its gloomy walls; but hurried immediately on her arrival to one of the wildest parts of the kingdom, how rough, and uncouth, and melancholy, did every thing that she had as yet met with appear to her! what a contrast to the scenes of her infancy, to the balmy air, to the orange groves, to the monuments of ancient grandeur, she had been accustomed! The Arabian gardens of Granada had been the haunts of these days, and she sighed to have left the land of her mother — —

— — — — —”  
 Here was another chasm. Donaghue rapidly passed over it, and thus again caught up the story:—



“Such was Morna, now in the first bloom of youth; indisposition, and the pensive gentleness of her soul, were visible in her countenance; her form was flexile as a reed; her complexion announced her foreign descent, but it was still clear and variable; her hair was black as the wing of the raven, and in the softness of her large dark eyes there was a charm that enchanted; her accents were mild as her manners, the ear listened to them with pleasure; but when she sung to her guitar some Moorish ditty of her native land, attention was enchained, and the soul, through every thrilling fibre, owned the power of her strains.

“Brought up in the greatest simplicity, though so formed for admiration, she knew not her power to excite it; but there were those who soon became sensible of it. Of the number was Roderick O'Brien, heir to the then proud owner of Altoir-na-Grenie. What he heard of the Spanish maid, as she was denominated in the neighbourhood, inflamed his curiosity to behold her,

and having once beheld her, he felt it was essential to his happiness to do so again. But to gaze in silence, to follow like a shadow her devious footsteps, or listen beneath her window for the strains that made him think her more than mortal, was not sufficient for a lover of the ardent and impassioned nature of Roderick. But how he managed matters to get introduced to her, and contrive that her rambles should no longer be solitary, it matters not to say; suffice it, he did so, and that feelings began to be awakened in the gentle bosom of the lovely Morna, that tended not a little to console and reconcile her to what she had previously regretted.

“ But all this was without the knowledge of her father. Though connected, there was a coolness between him and Mr. O'Brien. The latter, a proud, haughty man, had thought proper to slight the acquaintance of the poor soldier, on his return to his native land; and in consequence of the resentment excited by this conduct, Roderick was well aware any

open attentions to Morna would have been interdicted.

“ Day and night were not more different, with regard to disposition, than this father and son ; but indeed, from all I have heard, the former bore no resemblance to any of the family that either preceded, or have since come after him, being all—— But no matter—where’s the thread of my story ? If I suffer it to drop for any time, I fear I may find it as difficult to take up, as aunt Joyce a long neglected stitch off of one of her knitting-needles.

“ Well, as I was saying, this enchanting kinsman of mine, for a spirited lover is to me a most enchanting creature, found means, in spite both of this Montague and Capulet, to play the part of Romeo most delightfully to this gentle Juliet, insomuch that he was in great expectation of soon being able to prevail on her to let him try whether a friendly father Lawrence was not to be found, when she was suddenly borne away to old Brennan’s.

“ His distraction at the circumstance

was heightened by alarm about young Brennan; he knew — — —

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Here time or damp had done another injury. Donaghue, still more impatient, eagerly looked for the next legible part, and thus went on. But ere we proceed, we shall premise, that it is not our intention to particularly notice these chasms again, but leave it to the blanks they occasion, to point out to the reader whenever they occur.

“His fears,” Donaghue again began to read, “were not ill-founded; Brennan loved the maid, with an ardour not inferior to his own; and to secure her for his bride was not the least cause of the old man’s anxiety to get her into his power, for his grandson was the object of his idolatry, and to promote his happiness and gratification the first object of his life.

“Morna liked the sister of young Brennan, and did as much justice to him as she could; she admired his bravery, his strong and masculine mind; but she shrunk from

the thought of encouraging his love, and would have done so though her heart had not been irrevocably devoted to another; for there was a fierceness in his nature, that would have made her shudder at being in his power. She tried to misunderstand the looks with which he regarded her; but she was not long allowed to remain dubious as to their meaning. She answered him with candour—promised to regard him as a friend, but refused to give the slightest hope of ever considering him in any other light.

“Brennan smiled; he wished to win her—to owe her hand to love; but the slave of ungoverned passions — — —

— — — — —  
 “The terrified Morna would have applied to her father for protection from this persecuting lover, but that she feared a complaint to him might be the means of involving his safety; for, in some way or other, it was evident to her he had committed himself with these people. Yet to run the risk of being forced to become

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“ By indefatigable exertions, Roderick at length obtained an interview; but scarcely had they met, ere old Brennan appeared in sight; and terrified at the thought of his surprising them together, from the disclosure she dreaded being made to her father, Morna fled precipitately from her lover. But she had not escaped the eagle eye of Brennan; his suspicions were excited by what he saw, and he followed her flying steps with all the agitation of alarm. Till now she had not known what it was she had to fear; but his wild, or rather infuriate questions, now fully revealed to her the terrible truth, and she shuddered to think of the dangers that beset her father. In vain for some time she pleaded she could not have betrayed what till then she was ignorant of; the old man would listen to no denial of what he accused her; and the sudden entrance of his grandson perhaps alone prevented her personally suffering through his brutal violence. At length she indu-

ced a belief of not yet having disclosed any thing inimical to the safety of the party; but further reliance on her, after the meeting that had been witnessed between her and Roderick, was out of the question, except her interests were henceforth rendered inseparable from those with whom she was now associated; there was but one way of accomplishing this, and it was decided, that, without further delay, she should become the bride of Brennan.

“ Morna shuddered, and drew back; she cast an imploring look on her lover, but passion had stifled generosity in his bosom; and the joy that kindled in his eyes, convinced her that any appeal to it would be vain. Trying, however, to curb his raptures, he took her in his arms, and strove, as he strained her to his breast, throbbing with the most tumultuous feelings, to calm her perturbation; but no arguments, no persuasions, could do this; she protested against the measure thus resolved, but in vain; an obedient priest

was at hand, and, spite of her resistance, commenced the ceremony.

“ Wild with despair, she shrieked aloud, and called upon her father; but her father was away, and there were none to aid her. The horror of her situation deprived her of her senses; the ceremony was suspended, and after some fruitless efforts to recover her, she was borne to her chamber in a state that almost precluded all hope about her.

“ From a kind of stupor, she was roused, at midnight, by a terrible tumult. The plot had, by some means, been discovered, or betrayed, and the building was, in consequence, beset by a party of soldiers. Convinced, by this circumstance, of her having been guilty of the treachery of which he had accused her, the fury of old Brennan knew no bounds. Yielding to its savage dictates, he hastened to her chamber, determined, at least, on the gratification of revenge — — — — —

“ But the efforts of his granddaughter



would have proved of little avail, such was the strength given by temporary madness, had not her piercing cries reached the ear of her brother, where his unerring aim had already done terrific execution, in repelling the assailants. With one whirl of his sinewy arm he rescued the almost-expiring Morna from the savage gripe of her merciless enemy, and was bearing her away to a place of safety, when a ball came whizzing through the window, and laid him dead.

“ At this sight, the old man abandoned himself to despair. His yelling cries were terrific, as he threw himself upon the body, and, tearing his grey locks, he rolled himself on the floor in agony. But though both the weeping witnesses of this agony participated in his feelings, neither had courage to approach him, till the enraged soldiers, setting fire to the building, made them tremble at the idea of another moment's delay in it; but it was some time before his granddaughter could make him sensible of the danger they were in. When

at length she did, he raised himself on his knees, and, pushing her aside, seized Morna, with a suddenness that also brought her on her knees beside him. His demoniac look and laugh, at the moment, made her instantly comprehend what his full intention was; she saw he had determined on devoting her a victim to — — —

“ But the strength derived from desperation was insufficient to enable her to extricate herself from him. The flames had by this time reached the room; the rafters crackled, and the fierce eyes that glared upon her were rendered more terrible from their reflection. She gave herself up, and, uttering the name of her father, again sunk into insensibility — — —

“ On re-opening her eyes, instead of the scorching glow of the fire upon her cheek, she felt the pure breath of heaven blowing chilly on it. Her father had saved her. A rumour of the intended attack upon the dwelling of Brennan had brought him un-

expectedly to it; and in the confusion that prevailed, he succeeded in getting into it by one of the secret passages, and bearing her away from the dreadful death that otherwise awaited.

“ But their mutual joy at their restoration to each other was of short continuance. — ‘ The blood-hounds are upon us, my child!’ he cried, as he raised her trembling frame from the grass, on which he had reposed it.

“ His feelings, as far as regarded himself, rendered desperate by fortune, he would probably have disdained any precaution for his safety, merely on his own account; but he was too well aware of what his Morna would suffer, should he attempt to brave his fate, not — —

— — — — —  
 “ But not so immediately could O’Connor think of a place of concealment, as of the necessity there was for seeking one. At length it occurred to him, that within his own desolate dwelling he might be able to obtain a temporary refuge. There

were numerous hiding-places in it, not exactly known, he believed, to every one; and through one of these he flattered himself he should be able to evade the keen pursuit that he had no doubt would be made after him.

Morna exerted herself to the utmost to drag her trembling frame along; but her imagination was too much disturbed not to expose her to continual alarms. Every moment she fancied she heard the shouts of pursuit, and at every plash in the bog they had to traverse, that it was made by some other foot than theirs. They reached the building, however, without molestation, and quickly passing through the upper chambers, descended to the ones they sought. What a shelter for Morna! The damps of death seemed gathering on her pallid brow; and surely, she thought, its pangs could not exceed those she then experienced. But if, in imaginary security, this ancient habitation of her forefathers chilled her from its dreariness, how infinitely more so did it now, with her mind

impressed with terror ! All around it were frightful wilds and fastnesses, well adapted indeed to afford shelter, but a shelter which none but the most desperate—the outlaw or the rebel, could think of seeking. An uninterrupted succession of bogs, mountains, and morasses, was the only prospect, with a lonely lake, environed by stupendous cliffs, that, as it flowed along, seemed moaning at the neglect of its romantic scenery. — — —

“ Through means of this faithful follower, with whom O'Connor contrived to have a communication, they were supplied with what was just necessary for their preservation. But such a state was not to be long endured ; O'Connor urged his daughter to repair to the neighbouring convent of Ursulines, founded in the eleventh century by one of his house, and where he was assured she would meet with the kindness and attention she required ; yet the only reply these entreaties received was by clinging still more closely to him. But

she could procure him such a friend, if she durst but open her heart to him; but she had heard his sentiments respecting the treatment he had received from the father, and how could she then speak of the son? But to know she could serve him—could have him rescued from the horrible situation he was in—could procure him the assistance of a person whom nothing could corrupt, and not do so, was impossible; and, in short, she watched for an opportunity of stealing out, and by means of —

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“ To describe the rapture of Roderick, when, at length, he prevailed on O'Connor to accept his proffered friendship, and allow him to conduct him and Morna to *Altoir-na-Grenie*, there to remain till it might be considered safe for them to attempt getting off to Spain, would be impossible.

“ But the alarm that O'Connor and his friends were under about his safety was without foundation; in the papers that were seized, his name, fortunately, hap-

pened not to be mentioned; and whatever might be the enormities of the misguided unfortunate men with whom he had connected himself, that of treachery towards each other certainly could not be ranked; so that, though suspicion attached to him, it never was brought sufficiently home to occasion him any trouble. That, however, it pointed at him, was quite enough to induce Mr. O'Brien to think himself fully justified in still declining any intercourse with him—he was an attainted man, he said, and therefore to be shunned by all who wished to be considered loyal and good subjects; and altogether expressed himself in such a way about him, that had he been apprized of the shelter he gave him within his walls, he would not have permitted him to enjoy it long. In vain Roderick pleaded for him, and took his part; he reminded his father of the connexion that subsisted between the families, and that in consequence, from a feeling of pride, to say nothing of huma-

nity, he should give him his support and countenance. Mr. O'Brien, however, a stern, proud, avaricious man, as already hinted, saw things in a different light; a connexion that could reflect no consequence, he was not by any means inclined to bestow the radiance of his countenance on; and, in short, he remained inexorable to all that his son could urge in behalf of his unfortunate kinsman.

“How great was the despair of Roderick at this—cutting off all hope as it did of obtaining his consent to marry Morna! and, without it, how could he think of wooing her to become his, when poverty for so many years might be their lot! for, though the family estates were entailed, till the decease of his father he could not command a shilling. Suspense on such a subject was not endurable, and by an effort of desperation, he summoned sufficient courage to come to the point, and solicit the coveted consent. The result was what he had fearfully anticipated, a positive interdiction against ever thinking more of



Morna, and haughty command not to appear again in his presence, till he could assure him he had made up his mind to submission.

“Resentful and indignant at this cruel obduracy to the wishes of an only son, and insensibility to the merits of one of the loveliest of her sex, Roderick would immediately have quitted the castle, but that he could not bear to absent himself from a place where he could sometimes see the object of his affections; but the consolation derived from this idea was shortly cut off; O'Connor did not long remain in ignorance of what had passed at Altoir-na-Grenie; he heard of the quarrel between the father and son, and that, though remaining under the same roof, they had as little intercourse or communication with each other as if separated by hundreds of miles, and accordingly decided, that, for the present, all further correspondence should be suspended between him and his daughter.

“ From the moment of receiving this intimation, the manner of young O'Brien altered; all his cheerfulness forsook him; it was evident to him from it, that there was an end of any further hope about Morna, and in conceiving her lost to him, he ceased to feel any further interest in life. This was the first trial his fortitude had ever met with, and he bore it like a petted child of fortune, who expected to go on without meeting with an adverse gale through the voyage of life. His nature was noble, but his passions were ardent, and he had never been taught to curb them—never reminded of the disappointments we are liable to here, or that it is our duty to struggle against despondence, and still remember that there is an all-wise, all-good, all-gracious Being, watching over us, who, provided we do our part, will never forsake us, nor even in this world suffer us to be severely afflicted, except it may be indeed to render us still more susceptible of the happiness awaiting us hereafter. — — — —

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“ Roderick was sitting disconsolately by himself one gloomy evening, when his own faithful attendant, Phelim, entered the apartment; and—‘ Ah, then,’ said Phelim, who was likewise his foster-brother, ‘ isn’t this a poor case, that you should be sitting here by yourself, like some poor sinner doing penance, when there is such a power of company in the castle enjoying themselves and making merry?’ for it is here to be understood, that Mr. O’Brien, to shew his utter disregard to the feelings of his son, made it a point of giving splendid entertainments every day—‘ *Och!* and it’s myself that wishes the ould gentleman in the yellow silk morning dress would be paying you a visit, for it’s then you might be after pleasing yourself’ (Phelim knew how matters were) ‘ without thanking kith or kin.’ —‘ The old gentleman in the yellow silk morning gown!’ repeated Roderick, but evidently in a manner that proved it was unconsciously, ‘ who is he?’—‘ Ah then,

sure, Mr. Roderick, is it yourself that's axing that?' cried Phelim; 'why, I thought every body in or about the castle, or belonging to it, knew who he was—why, your own great ancestor, squire Dennis O'Brien, who, in the time of the Cromwellian wars, fearing his castle being rifled, buried all his money and plate in a large pot underground somewhere here, and dying suddenly, without having time to say where, has ever since been troubled on that account, and must continue so till he makes the discovery; but it seems he is determined on not making this, except to some person in want of the treasure; for though he has been seen often and often in the castle, yet it has never been but at such times as it was known that some one belonging to it was in want of money, and then he always appears in the dress he used to wear of a morning, a fine yellow silk gown, with roses on it, with a crimson velvet cap on his head, and red morocco slippers on his feet, just as he is drawn in his picture; and 'twas that that made me

think you must know who I meant, for I thought you could not have looked at it so often as you have done, to be sure, without knowing who it was intended for.'—'His picture! what picture?' asked Roderick, again in an abstracted tone.—'Ah then, Mr. Roderick,' again cried Phelim, 'is it joking you are? Why the picture that hangs up in the library, just by the fireplace, and facing a window.' —

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Donaghue almost started, under the vague idea of having seen the picture this described somewhere in it; he eagerly looked up, and there, actually facing him, his eyes encountered it, the full sized portrait of an elderly gentleman, habited exactly as the manuscript described, sitting in an easy chair, with a pointer at one knee, and on the other his hand, with a book, as if his reading had been suspended for the purpose of letting him observe something that had interested him, and actually it seemed to Donaghue as if his eyes were bent down upon him at the

moment, with a look of earnestness and inquiry. Donaghue could not help smiling at the momentary effect the idea had upon him; he gave another glance at the portrait, and resumed the manuscript.

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“Matters continued to go on in the same way; every day the breach seemed to get wider and wider between the father and son; some of their mutual friends interfered, but to no purpose, for neither could be induced to cede the smallest matter to the other.

“Roderick was sitting rather late one night by himself, moodily brooding over his blighted hopes of happiness, when the door behind him opened, and concluding it was Phelim, now indeed the only person with whom he had any communication, he did not move; but when, after a minute or two, he found no one approached, though he heard a low rustling sound in the apartment, he turned to see who it was that had entered, and beheld an elderly portly-looking gentleman, habited

in a yellow silk *robe de chambre*, with a crimson velvet cap on his head, and red morocco slippers on his feet. The castle was full of guests at the time, and it instantly occurred to Roderick, that this stranger was one of them, who, having interested himself in the difference between his father and him, had come to speak to him on the subject, as many other old friends of his father, not before known to him, had done. But, whatever he might have come for, Roderick was naturally too courteous not to receive him with complacence; he rose, and invited him to take a chair by the fire. This the stranger declined, but with a pleasant smile, intimating by his gestures, for he spoke not, that instead of sitting with him, he wanted him to accompany him immediately from the apartment. Confirmed by this in his previous idea—‘Impossible!’ said Roderick; ‘I guess where you would lead me; but there is no use, I am well aware, in going to my father, except I have made up my

mind to act as he wishes. This I can never do. My thanks, however, are not the less due to you, for thus kindly interesting yourself about me.'

"Still, however, as if not attending to this declaration, the stranger continued, by his gestures, to urge him to oblige him, but keeping receding all the time towards the door, followed by the other. At length, on his gaining it—'Stop, sir,' said Roderick, perceiving all was darkness without, and knowing there were several intricate passages in this direction, divided by steps, or narrow flights of stairs, 'let me get a candle to light you.' No reply was made, and ere he could repeat the request, the stranger had somehow vanished.

"Roderick felt a momentary sensation of surprise at the circumstance; it seemed to him as if he had actually faded from his sight, but this must be owing to the unsteadiness of the light that issued from the room, and without troubling himself farther on the subject, he returned to it. As he reentered it—'Where can this cold



earthy vapour come from?' he cried; 'and see how it affects the candles—they burn blue!' He resumed his seat by the fire, and took up the poker, with an intention of stirring it, but his hand fell powerless by his side, and a deadly sickness came over him for a few minutes, accompanied by cold damps, such as he had never before experienced.—'Well, this is odd enough!' he said; 'such a sudden attack!' But he thought no more about it; and not liking to furnish Phelim with a new theme for conversation, who, notwithstanding the great regard he had for him, sometimes talked too much for the state of mind he was then in, nothing was mentioned to him of the visit he had received.

"Well, the posture of affairs continued unaltered at the castle. Roderick at length became ill, and through absolute pining and vexation, took to his bed. He would allow no medical man to come near him; and indeed the disease being seated in his mind, a visit of the kind could have been of no service; nor did his father urge it,

conceiving this illness was all a pretext to try and soften him.

“The talkativeness of poor Phelim now got more fatiguing than ever to his master, who, besides, grew a little peevish and irritable, so that, whenever he could, without absolutely hurting his feelings, he contrived a pretext for getting rid of him. He had done so one night, by affecting sleepiness sooner than usual, but the midnight hour struck without finding his eyes closed. As he lay despondently awake, he fancied he heard the door softly open, and a low rustling sound in the chamber, and imagining it was Phelim who had returned, in a sudden fit of irritation he was drawing aside the curtain to reprimand him for this disobedience to his orders, when he was not a little surprised at beholding the stranger in the yellow silk morning-gown standing by the bedside.— ‘Good God, sir!’ cried he, ‘is it you I behold?’ raising himself, sick as he was, upon his elbow; ‘what kind concern does this manifest about me!’

“The other smiled, and drawing back a little from the bed, motioned him to rise, and, as he had done before, to follow him from the chamber.—‘Impossible, sir,’ said Roderick; ‘don’t you see the state I am in? Yet, if indeed you come with any kind message from my father——’ The stranger shook his head.—‘Oh, then, I cannot indeed rise!’ said Roderick, falling back on his pillow through the pang occasioned by the disappointment of this suddenly awakened hope.

“Still, however, the stranger persisted in his silent importunities, as if bent on not taking a refusal, till Roderick became so displeased, that nothing but courtesy prevented his drawing the curtain between them. On a sudden a footstep was heard in the gallery. Roderick impatiently raised himself on the pillow, for the purpose of listening whether it was Phelim’s, that he might get him to light his visitor to his chamber; and while doing so, the stranger again seemed to fade away before his eyes, and immediately a heavy stupor

fell over his senses; and when he awoke in the morning, all that had passed overnight seemed to him as a dream.

“Some few nights after this, he took it into his head he should like to read a book of love poems that lay in the library; and the whim had no sooner seized him, than, having already dismissed Phelim, he determined on trying to get them himself, convinced he should not, at such an hour, encounter any one there. Accordingly he got out of bed, and, putting on his night-gown and slippers, contrived to reach the apartment; and, securing the book, was about returning, when his eyes suddenly encountered the picture of squire Dennis O'Brien, in his yellow gown, as described by Phelim; and—‘Good God!’ cried Roderick, starting, as his eyes now fell upon it, ‘that picture is the identical image of my unknown visitor!’ and a strange feeling came over his mind; and while yet there was a shudder in his frame, he heard a low rustling sound in the room, and turning with quickness, beheld the

stranger standing beside him, as if to give him an opportunity of comparing him with the portrait — — — —

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“ Well, after all this, Roderick could no longer doubt having received a visit of no common kind, neither of the purpose of it; and—‘ Since so wonderful an interest has been excited about me,’ he cried, ‘ why should I not avail myself of it? Could I get possession of this buried treasure of my ancestors, I should be able to marry Morna, and would have her, and would marry her, spite of all opposition, though I should be obliged to raise a troop of hardy young fellows, like myself, to enable me to carry her off!’ And so being prepared, and collected, and determined how to act, should he ever behold the apparition again, the next time he did so, which was soon, he addressed it, with the usual adjuration, inquiring what had troubled his repose?

“ The spell being now removed from his lips, his mysterious visitant explained,

by mentioning the hid treasure, which he could never rest till he had discovered; but the secret of which he was under a restriction not to disclose to any one not belonging to the family, or who was not in want, or worthy of it, and who had not the courage to follow him at the midnight hour, whithersoever he should lead, with a pickaxe, a shovel, and a basket, to dig for it, and bear it away.

“A thousand times had Roderick said, what would he not undertake for his Morna! and he was now called upon to prove the sincerity of this declaration. The ensuing night was settled, between him and the phantom, for this projected exploit; but what changes do a few short hours often occasion in human feelings—human affairs! ere it came, wealth was no longer desired by Roderick, since wealth could no longer confer happiness on him. The first thing that was presented to his eyes the next morning, was a letter of solemn farewell from Morna, who, the preceding day, had taken, in privacy, the veil in the Ursuline

Convent, thus terminating all further anxiety in the mind of her father about her earthly weal, and removing, as she hoped, the only cause of dissension that existed between her lover and his parent. The farewell breathed the very spirit of her feelings; it melted, while it strove to console, and was accompanied by a present of those long dark tresses which he had so loved to see fluttering and waving about her, and which she desired him to keep, in fond remembrance of one who, it might be said, had died for him, for in renouncing the world, as she had done for his sake, was it not to a living tomb she had consigned herself?

“ Oh, there was agony in that thought to the lover! better, better, he imagined, he could have borne to hear of her actually being laid within the earth, than to know that she still lived, but no longer for him! He raved with all the extravagance of despair, and vowed not to survive her loss.

“ Night came; but no longer was the purpose to which it was intended to have

been devoted remembered. The clock, however, had hardly struck twelve, when the apparition of his kinsman stood beside the bed; but the visit was now a mockery to him, Roderick conceived, and he refused to rise.

“The other continued to urge him for some time, by his gestures, but in vain. At length—‘The wish to serve you is useless,’ he cried. ‘The means of giving happiness to others, if not to yourself, have been offered and rejected. Farewell! Once more you’ll see me; and as I then appear, you yourself will be in less than another revolving year!’ — —

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“At last Mr. O’Brien became convinced of the danger of his son; and when he was, what was his horror, his grief, and his remorse! How fervently did he then wish that past time could have been recalled! How readily would he then have sacrificed all his prejudices, his ambitious hopes and plans, to save him! but the fiat was gone forth, and another than Roderick was des-



tined to succeed him in the possessions on which he so valued himself.

“ Roderick was drawing towards his end, when one night his heavy eyes were opened by a low rattling sound in the chamber. He gently put aside the curtain, to see what occasioned it, and beheld, exactly facing him, a human skeleton, leaning against a bureau. The words of the apparition, on its last visit, instantly recurred to his recollection; and if till now a hope of his recovery had lingered in his heart, it was now relinquished; for, spite of grief, of despair, of all that in our first frantic moments we may utter, there are few of us, I believe, when it comes to the point, such is the instinct of nature, but cling, with something of tenacity, to life.

“ In his last moments he revealed the appearance of the apparition to him. What credit his story met with then, I cannot pretend to say; but if we may judge from the manner in which it has been handed down, through successive generations, I should suppose very implicit; and indeed,

even at this day, there are some in the family, my aunt Joyce for instance, and one or two more old aunts and cousins, who would deem a doubt on the subject a kind of scepticism not to be forgiven. It is, in short, a general, as well as positive, belief, that the spirit of squire Dennis still troubles the castle, and will continue to do so till the discovery of the buried treasure; and that he will yet assuredly be the making of some one of the family. Who this lucky person may be, of course cannot be surmised, since hitherto fortune has been sufficiently kind to all of the race, not to subject them to the fright of a visitation of the kind; for I much fear, that not even a conviction of the motive that brought him, would be able to keep one from experiencing some little panic at the sight or sound of squire Dennis's yellow morning gown; that I have laughed a hundred times at the idea of this, I believe I need scarcely say; yet not to affect to be always wiser than other people, I will acknowledge, that once—but remember it was but once—I

did feel a little agitation at the recollection of it. Papa had been uncommonly cross and ill-natured, at least so I thought then, in refusing to give me money for a new sack; to be sure I had just got two divine ones down from Dublin—but that was no matter, I saw a new one on Mrs. Blake, made of a silk I liked better—the sweetest silk, a bright garnet colour, with immense bouquets of natural flowers, orange lilies, white roses, and variegated carnations, thrown on it; and I quite longed, and made up my mind to get a dress of the same; but no entreaties would do, though backed by mamma, who could not herself aid me, having had a long run of ill luck at cards; so up I went to my chamber, completely in the dumps; and there, as I sat bemoaning myself, the story of cousin Roderick coming into my head—‘Well, I am sure,’ I said to myself, ‘if there is any truth in it, now is the time to prove it; for here, I am sure, is one of the family distressed enough to need a little kindness;’ and hardly had I said so, when

—Lord! my heart beats now at the fright I got at the moment—I heard a low rustling sound in the closet within it. Without waiting to hear more, up I jumped, flew from the room, and making but one leap down the stairs, was very near coming plump upon the old butler, as he was passing at the moment to the parlour, with some of the supper-things; if I had, Heavens! what a kick-up I should have caused there, by the smash I should have occasioned amongst the old china bowls and gilt glasses, that have been upwards of a thousand years in the family, I believe, like heirlooms! However, this mischance I escaped; but—‘The Lord save us, Miss!’ said Andrew, alarmed by my looks and manner, ‘what has happened?’—‘Oh, nothing,’ I replied; ‘I only want Anty;’ so Anty was called; but, like Andrew, catching dismay from my looks, soon began to shew evident signs of disinclination to accompany me up stairs.

“On reaching my chamber, she drew back, to let me enter first; but this I de-

clined, and forcing her before me—‘ Oh, there it is! there it is!’ I cried, starting back, on again hearing the noise that had just before driven me from it.—‘ The Holy Virgin protect us! what, Miss?’ asked Anty, crossing herself; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she desired me not to be frightened, as she was certain what I heard was the cat in the closet, which she had observed stealing slyly after her into it, when she entered it to get my night-things ready for me against I went to rest; and there indeed was Miss Puss, playing hide and go seek amongst my fine silk sacks and petticoats.

“ Well, I have now given you the marvellous ghost story you were so anxious to hear, or what may be termed the Tradition of our Castle; and having had patience to pen it for you, shall take care that my labour be not thrown away, by availing myself of the first opportunity that occurs for sending it to you; and should not one offer before my leaving this, shall leave it in special charge with

mamma, to forward it by the first that presents itself after my departure. My departure! methinks I hear you repeat, and where may your ladyship be steering? Why, the fact is, not to counterbalance good-nature by ill-nature, or, in other words, gratify your curiosity in one instance, but leave it ungratified in another, amongst other presents which a certain gentleman has lately been forcing on my acceptance, is a little gold ring, that I have at last promised to take from him the ensuing week; and as it will operate like a spell in binding me to his fortunes, in following them I shall be led from this, as he is, you know, a military man.

“ Seriously, I had some idea of coaxing you down to officiate as bridemaids; but, after all, at this inclement season of the year, to seduce you from the dear delights of Dublin, would, I thought, be cruel, more especially as I could not have enjoyed your company for more than a day or two, as almost immediately after the ceremony we must leave this. Farewell,

dear girl; you shall hear from me as soon

— — — — —”

Here the manuscript abruptly closed, leaving Donaghue unacquainted with the name of the fair writer, whose request to have it sent to her friend, it should seem, had never been attended to, by its having been found in the castle. The name of a person, however, no longer in existence, he could feel no great anxiety about knowing; and according to the course of nature, it could not be doubted that the person whose writing he had been reading, had, long ere this, paid their debt to nature.

Donaghue heaved an involuntary sigh at the brevity of human life, as he mechanically rolled up the papers, and deposited them again in his desk—“And well may the poet say—‘Son of the winged days, why buildest thou the hall?’ he cried, as he did so, “for scarcely have we entered upon the enjoyments of spring, ere win-

ter comes to chill the genial current of the soul, and remind us that the next change will be one that will preclude another."

The violence of the wind had by this time abated; but the low moaning sounds into which it had sunk, more affected the imagination of Donaghue; for exactly as it now sighed and sobbed round the casements, apparently uttering the laments of deep sorrow and distress, had it wailed and whined on the night of his mother's death.

The feelings awakened by what it recalled to memory, were too painful for passive endurance; he hastened from the library, to try if in sleep he could lose them.



CHAPTER VIII.  
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“ To trace the winding riv’let through the dale,  
That, on the mill-wheel, tries its wond’rous force ;  
Now smoothly glides, to fertilize the vale,  
Or, glist’ning, through the village takes its course.”

At length the adamantine chains of winter were broken, and the teeming buds and vernal gales of spring began again to gladden the senses. Donaghue, spite of the dejection of his spirits, could not help participating in the genial influence of the season, such is the renovating effect of renovated nature upon the human frame, and was almost insensibly led by it to renew those active pursuits in which he had once so delighted ; he had indeed, by this time, begun to see the impropriety of any longer indulging in the listlessness that he had, for some time, given way to. It was

our duty, he knew, as long as we were suffered to remain upon this mortal stage, to make the best use we possibly could of the faculties with which we were endowed; and this, he certainly knew, could not be done if we permitted the frost of apathy or indifference to steal over them. Yet still he might have felt reluctant to emerge from the positive seclusion to which he had almost once decided on devoting himself, but that, from the manner in which the winter had passed away, he had every reason to believe, that not the slightest suspicion of his being at Altoir-na-Grenie was entertained in the neighbourhood, and that consequently he need be under no apprehension of any one being on the watch to encounter him.

The country about Altoir-na-Grenie was bold, picturesque, and highly interesting; and not a little was the pleasure which he proposed to himself from ranging about, more especially, as with the greater part of the immediate neighbourhood he was unacquainted, from conceiving it unwor-

thy of his notice during his first visit, and through the melancholy circumstances that had attended his second.

He wandered about, as chance directed, and felt, that had he sooner known the romantic scenery in his vicinity, he would hardly have had resolution to refrain so long from viewing it. Seated sometimes by the side of a meandering stream, encompassed by stupendous mountains, soaring above each other, until their tops were hid in clouds—there, where nature was beheld in her wildest attire, but grand and sublime in the extreme—there, where all was still nature, save a few straggling goats, hanging on the sides of the precipices, what sensations of mingled awe and tranquillity filled his mind! Or, when watching the gambols of the finny race, how soothingly did the hours steal away! how still more so, when, undisturbed by harsher sounds than the water murmuring o'er its pebbly bed, or the sound of the breeze sighing amidst the foliage of the surrounding trees, he perused a favourite

author, or resigned himself all to thought ! At these moments his soul seemed all attuned to peace and harmony, and scenes that might otherwise have created disgust, from their loneliness, charmed and delighted.

All this was very well during the day ; but when night again approached—when, after having indulged in the feelings and pursuits of an active and enthusiastic imagination, he was compelled to return to the solitary home, how did his heart again sink within him, and the feelings, so lately glowing, become chilled, at finding none there to whom he could impart what those feelings had been—on listening, but without hearing any voice responding to his !

His looks still continued languid ; exercise imparted an occasional glow to them, but content was wanting to render it permanent ; and this he felt it impossible, at least for the present, to be. He could be patient, enduring, resigned—but to be content was out of the question, at least as he understood and defined the expres-

sion; for content, in his opinion, implied perfect satisfaction with your lot, such as precluded all wish for change; and how could he be supposed to experience such a feeling at his? Would it not indeed be a reproach to him if he did?—a proof of an indolent, supine, inglorious spirit, satisfied with obscurity and solitude, so the mere vulgar wants of nature were supplied? No; such a thing was not to be hoped, or imagined, or desired; and he only waited the return of his uncle, general O'Donaghue, from abroad, who was now daily expected on leave of absence, to consult with him as to some plan for the future; perhaps he might be induced to assist him in getting on active service again; and whenever his spirits drooped, as was too often the case, he still tried to reanimate and buoy them up with the hope. That the idea had not at once struck him, he now felt surprised, not reflecting that we cannot always immediately collect ourselves, so as to be enabled to see what is best to be done.

But the pleasure in which he had recently been indulging was nearly relinquished, through the unexpected announcement of the arrival of sir William Erin and his family, with a large party of friends, at Ashley Vale, the beautiful seat in the neighbourhood, distant a few miles from Altoir-na-Grenie, to which he had succeeded in right of his uncle.

The unwelcome intimation was no sooner received by Donaghue, than he was almost induced, from the dread he had, after what had occurred, of encountering any of the family, to give up, as just hinted, the rambles from which so much relief and enjoyment were derived; but when he reflected on the utter ignorance in which all in the neighbourhood were of his being in it, he thought he need not inflict so severe a punishment on himself as relinquishing them would be; and finally, was determined to persevere in them, by, perhaps, a hope of their being the means of furnishing him with an opportunity of now and

then catching a stolen glimpse of the lovely Eveleen.

But though nothing, as we have just observed, could be more terrible to his imagination than actually encountering her, or any of her connexions, yet, with a strange inconsistency—one however which was, perhaps, natural in a lover—he suddenly began to act in a manner calculated to expose him to the risk of what he so much dreaded, by now beginning, whenever he went out, to take the exact direction to Ashley Vale instead of any other. He had often heard before of this magnificent seat, which its late owner had spared no pains or cost in embellishing, under the idea that he was beautifying it for an only and a darling son, but without ever before having the slightest interest or curiosity excited about it; but now, when the latter could no longer be gratified with safety, or at least without incurring the risk of what he so shrunk from, he felt a downright insatiable longing to view it, such as kept him continually ho-

vering about and wandering in its vicinity. It is true, in the first instance, he had regarded it as one of those deserted seats consigned to decay and desolation, that it is melancholy to contemplate—now it was considered as the actual, the immediate abode of her, whose idea associated with it could impart a charm, an interest, to any thing.

The sun was hardly risen one morning, when Donaghue, with his usual attendant and companion, a large Newfoundland dog, found himself at the Vale, near the edge of a romantic stream, hemmed in by verdant banks, here starting into hillocks, and there swelling into soft downs, overspread with the finest turf. The mists of early morn, still rolling away, and every moment revealing new beauties to his view—the shifting volumes of clouds they caused in the heavens, that, as they still varied and dispersed, occasioned different masses of light and shade to traverse the river in succession, excited a degree of admiration in the mind of Donaghue that



fixed him to the spot. While he was absorbed in contemplation of the scene, or rather, watching the winding vapours flitting from cliff to cliff, as if in search of the clouds from which they were separated, a piercing shriek reached his ear, and eagerly looking to where it came from, he saw a female had fallen into the stream, from a rustic bridge at some little distance. The current, which was strong, and set in that direction, quickly hurried her to the other side of the bridge, and Donaghue darted forward to leap in there to her rescue. In his eagerness he stumbled against the stump of a tree, and hit his ankle with such violence, that downright agony for a moment took from him the power of moving, and when able to get on again, to his inexpressible horror, he saw she was within a few yards of a mill-race, into the vortex of which, if once whirled, nothing could save her. He run forward a few paces more, to be as near her as possible, and then plunged into the water; but his exertions could not have

proved availing, she must have perished, so near was she to the fatal eddy, but for Neptune, who, on perceiving what had happened, had darted into the stream, and coming up with her just at the critical moment, contrived, by seizing her by the clothes, to keep her afloat till his master reached them. Though the stream was deep, it was not broad, and Donaghue soon succeeded in getting her to the bank, and dragging her up it.

Her bonnet had fallen off in her plunge into the water, and her hair now completely overspread her face. Donaghue threw it back to give her air; but, as he did so—good God! who can speak his feelings, his emotions, on discovering that it was no common stranger he had saved, but his Eveleen—the beloved, the adored Eveleen! With a rapture that mocks description, he clasped, he strained her to his breast, and—“Oh, my God! my God!” he cried, with uplifted eyes, and all the fervency of adoring gratitude, “am I then still so much the peculiar object of thy

heavenly favour, as to have been rendered instrumental to the preservation of this precious life!"

But was her life preserved? He laid his hand fearfully on her heart — he fancied he felt a slight pulsation, but it might only be fancy; her lips were ashy white, her cheek was white, and cold as marble, and her eyes closed, as if the rigid hand of death itself had pressed the lids upon them. He laid her gently on the grass, with her face inclined towards it, and began chafing her temples, but not without exerting his voice to try if there was any one within hearing. Neptune too appeared anxious to ascertain this, as he kept running about, apparently in great agony, sometimes licking one fair lifeless hand, then the other, with dismal howls, that went through the heart of his master.

Approaching voices were at length heard. The moment they met the ear of Donaghue, he involuntarily caught up the lovely object of his solicitude in his arms, as if fearful else of being deprived of her.

The confusion he was in prevented his recognising the voice of any one he knew; what his surprise therefore was, when, issuing from amidst the trees, he beheld lady Jane Morley, in company with lord Altidore, a young nobleman of considerable property in this part of the country, may well be imagined.

Her ladyship's was, evidently, not inferior; she uttered an absolute scream of surprise, and—"My God, O'Brien!" she exclaimed, "is it you I behold! I did not imagine you were in the neighbourhood. But how is all this? what has happened? Is Miss Erin dead?"

"Dead!" repeated Donaghue, with horror at the suggestion, and indignation at the tone in which the inquiry was made, "Heaven forbid! But this is no time for questioning; I beseech you to see if any one can be got to assist in conveying her to the house."

"Well, but first tell me, how did all this come to pass?"

"I should conceive," said Donaghue,

glancing at the dripping garments of Miss Erin, "the inquiry superfluous."

"Oh! now I comprehend it—she fell into the water, and you rescued her—quite an adventure indeed!"

"My God! I hope nothing serious will result from it," cried lord Altidore, attempting as he spoke to take the hand of Miss Erin, but which Donaghue prevented by his suddenly drawing in her arm.

"I fervently hope not," he said; "but the best way of preventing the likelihood of what we fear, is to procure her immediate assistance."

"What's to be done?" cried lady Jane. "But wait—how lucky! there's sir William Erin approaching through the trees, with some of his people.—Give Miss Erin into my care, O'Brien, and for Heaven's sake run home and change your wet clothes; she needs no further aid now from you, and 'tis ridiculous therefore to endanger your health by remaining any longer as you are."

Donaghue hesitated; he was loth to

part with his lovely burthen; but then, as he had by this time assured himself that she still breathed, to encounter sir William, after what he had probably heard of him—his laugh, his sneer, his contempt—no, the thing was impossible, and he suffered lady Jane, who, all the time he had been thus considering, had been trying to force Miss Erin from his support, to at length succeed in drawing her from it, and effected his escape, just as he distinguished the voice of sir William.

The moment he was gone—"Here! here!" cried lady Jane to lord Altidore; "here—quick—take this insensible beauty from me, and, as you hope to profit by my wish to serve you, contradict nothing I shall say or intimate; her being found in your arms will naturally induce a belief of your having been her preserver; and as that romantic fellow that is just gone does not visit at the Vale, you may have all the eclat of the affair, if you do not choose to undeceive the parties yourself."

Lord Altidore had only time to nod ac-

quiescence to her suggestion ere sir William appeared. What his sensations were at the state in which he beheld his daughter, and the danger he learned she had so narrowly escaped, may easier be conceived than described. As soon as the shock his feelings met with had a little subsided, he hurried onward, to see that every thing requisite for her restoration was got ready against her reaching the house; but hardly had he left her, ere Miss Erin, heaving a deep sigh, recovered her senses. But not immediately did she make any effort to have this known; she had seen, she was certain, Donaghue—by him she believed it was she was rescued, and conceiving that the palpitating bosom on which she felt herself reclining was his, she felt herself in no hurry to raise her head from it, for the sentiments he had inspired, in spite of what had offended in his conduct, had suffered no diminution through time or absence, and this indulgence of her secret tenderness for him was not to be resisted. But hardly had a tint of returning life re-

visited her lips, than lady Jane, taking her hand—"Oh! well," she cried, "all is safe now; you won't give us the slip this time, my dear girl! so come, exert yourself, that no further time may be lost in getting you to the house."

Thus urged, Miss Erin raised her head; as she did so, her eyes were involuntarily uplifted to the countenance of the person who supported her. She started as they encountered his, and—"Good Heavens!" she faintly exclaimed, and would instantly have disengaged herself from his arms, but he prevented her by a gentle pressure. Her looks wandered wildly round, as if in quest of some one, and again a faint exclamation of astonishment escaped her lips.

"What's the matter, my dear creature?" demanded lady Jane, though too perfectly aware to have needed making the inquiry; "you look alarmed!"

"No—not—not alarmed," said Miss Erin; "only—only surprised a little, for I thought—I imagined——"

"Oh, well, no matter," artfully inter-



rupted lady Jane; "some other time you can explain; but really now I cannot admit of another moment's delay. So, come, let me help to support you, as well as his lordship, and, between us both, we shall not be long in getting you to the house."

Miss Erin almost unconsciously accepted her offered assistance. She was lost in wonder and perplexity: it seemed to her certain that she had seen Donaghue, and yet she was now led to believe herself mistaken in the persuasion. So positive was she of the fact of his being her preserver, that not the slightest doubt was on her mind till the actual moment of her opening her eyes; she had felt confident she had seen him on the opposite side of the stream, and to the surprise, the emotion, occasioned by his unexpected sight, for of his being in the neighbourhood she had not the least conception, was owing her life having been endangered; for, in the tumult of her spirits, she had started forward on the bridge, without recollecting the caution she had received about one

of the planks that was loose, and which turning up the moment she set her foot on it, precipitated her into the stream. But she found herself in the arms of lord Altidore, and how therefore could she persist in what she had imagined? If Donaghue had been her preserver, would he have resigned her to the support of another—would he have vanished without waiting to see her restored to life? or, at least, if he had been, would there not have been some allusion to, or mention of him? Yet it was strange, most extraordinary, that her vision had so deceived her; but that it had was now evident, and with a deep sigh at the conviction, she suffered herself to be led onward.

Ere the party reached the house, they were met by some of the servants, with a couch to convey her thither; but she was now too well recovered to need this, though her nerves still continued in a state of agitation, that made the medical men, who were in waiting to receive her, give orders for having her immediately

put to bed, and kept perfectly quiet for some hours.

As soon as lady Erin had a little recovered from the shock sustained by hearing of the narrow escape of her darling child, and the general bustle and confusion occasioned by the circumstance had a little subsided, sir William repaired to the parlour, where lord Altidore was detained by lady Jane, and eagerly approaching him—"Pardon me, my lord," he cried, extending his hand to him, "for not having sooner come to express what I owe you; but, till I heard the report of her medical attendants about the dear sufferer, and saw her mother a little composed, I had not the power to collect myself. From this moment I must hope and trust there's an end of any coolness that may hitherto have subsisted between us; since it would grieve me indeed if I were not allowed personal opportunities of evincing those feelings with which my heart must ever glow towards you."

Lord Altidore bowed and smiled, and

protested, very truly, he had done nothing that merited such acknowledgments; thus artfully taking care, that if the mistake into which sir William had been led, by the management of lady Jane, should be detected, he should not be accused of having said any thing to confirm it.

But it is here necessary, ere we proceed farther in our story, that we should explain a few particulars. In the first place then, lady Jane was again at liberty to act as she pleased, having quietly inured the poor banker. The wealth acquired by the honour she had done him in taking his name, rendering any further addition of fortune unnecessary, she, in consequence, determined on now giving the full fling to inclination. Donaghue still maintained his empire over her heart, or rather, her passion for him had by this time become wild and extravagant, through the opposition it had hitherto met, and accordingly decided her on letting no common obstacles impede her wishes.

How great would have been her rap-

ture, could she have persisted in believing, as vanity in the first instance had induced her doing, that the coldness with which Donaghue had met her advances after her marriage, had been the effect alone of rigid principle! but her friends, the Miss Magennises, good-naturedly undeceived her in that respect, inspiring her with the most malignant envy and jealousy of Miss Erin. But though she could not have avoided being hurt at the affections of her lover having wandered from her, for she would persist in fancying that the affections of Donaghue had once been hers, she would not have been so alarmed at the circumstance as she was, but for her knowledge of the characters of sir William and lady Erin; she knew they were not common ones, that, without being either romantic or enthusiastic, they were above being actuated either by sordid or illiberal considerations. In a word, that from their dispositions, it was not improbable, that if Miss Erin felt any responding sentiment of regard for Donaghue, and it could

be ascertained he was not unworthy of her, their union would not be hindered by disparity of fortune.

To prevent what she dreaded, vigilance was requisite; but how was this to be exercised, without becoming intimate in the house? To become so, however, she conceived could be no very difficult matter, from the intimacy that long subsisted between the Erin family and hers, owing to their belonging to the same neighbourhood; and, in a word, on the arrival of the Erins in London from the Continent, she played her part so well, as soon to be considered a kind of confidential friend amongst them; and on her expressing a wish to see Ireland again, had her father's ruinous and dilapidated mansion been in a state to accommodate her, to obtain an invitation to accompany them thither.

Well, all this was very well; she should now be on the spot to watch over the interests of her heart; but still all her vigilance, her circumventing cunning, might be of no avail—Miss Erin's giving encou-

agement to some other admirer was the only thing that could entirely calm her apprehensions, and this the young lady seemed by no means inclined to do.

Amongst the numerous conquests she made was lord Altidore; his rank, fortune, and personal accomplishments, fully authorized him to enter the lists for her favour; but a coolness, founded on some long-existing feud between their families, subsisted between him and sir William, that forbid an attempt of the kind, more especially as he was conscious, from his then ignorance of the treasure he possessed in his daughter, of having given utterance to some very aggravating expressions with regard to the baronet.

He and lady Jane were very intimate, and from knowing the terms on which she and his charmer were, he involuntarily made her the confident of, as he feared, his hopeless passion. Lady Jane no sooner learned his sentiments, than she decided on trying what could be done to render

him instrumental to the accomplishment of what she wished. If any one had a chance of rivalling Donaghue, she conceived it was him; accordingly, she offered her services, but on the express condition, that he was solely to be regulated by her.

What condition, what stipulation, was there to which he would not have readily yielded, for the sake of the promise she made him? he bound himself to all she required, and, as she directed, quickly followed to Ireland, after the departure of the family for it. His seat lay contiguous to the Vale, and the secret meetings between him and lady Jane were, in consequence, frequent; but in vain they consulted on some method for bringing about the introduction he was so anxious for. Artful and confident as was lady Jane, still the baronet was so proud and so wary, that she was posed on the subject, and almost despairing, when the unexpected incident connected with Donaghue furnished her, as she conceived, with what she required.



How she made use of it, and succeeded in the hope it suggested, is already known. Introduced as the preserver of his daughter, it was not to be imagined that sir William would repel his lordship; and what interest might it not, viewing him in that light, give him in the eyes of a youthful and romantic being like Eveleen? Should the error into which they were led be detected, still that detection could not possibly, she conceived, be a means of depriving him of the footing he had gained in the family, so pleasant and conciliating were his manners when he chose to appear amiable. It should be her care, however, to guard against any thing of the kind. As yet she knew the family at the Vale had no suspicion whatever of Donaghue being in the neighbourhood. From the agitation he had evinced on learning the approach of sir William, it was evident to her it was his wish that they should still continue ignorant of it, and she determined to take advantage, or rather thought

it would be strange if she was not enabled, of this double circumstance, to keep them asunder.

In the mean time Donaghue disconsolately returned home, little aware of the plots, and plans, and designs, he was the occasion of. The glow of tumultuous rapture quickly faded before the bitter thought of no more enjoying the society of Eveleen. Now he repented having so suddenly resigned her to the care of another—then he rejoiced at having escaped the perhaps sneer of her father—now he regretted the way in which he had acted, from the consideration, that had he remained, it might have been the means of obliging sir William to have paid him some such attention as might have furnished him with a fair pretext for now and then making his appearance at the Vale—then again, his pride made him exult at having done so, since any attention that was not voluntary he could not endure, the idea of receiving. His conduct had left sir William free to act as he pleased; if, therefore, he chose

to make any overture for his acquaintance, it must, of course, gratify him, from knowing it was his own choice. Yet, after what he had probably heard of him, the prejudice it probably had excited——But then, when his daughter's preservation came to be considered, how, even by this, could he withhold from giving utterance, in some degree, to the feelings it must have awakened?

Donaghue at last thought it impossible but that he must do so, and giving way to the persuasion, sat watching the remainder of the day, in momentary expectation of receiving some intimation, at least of acknowledgment, from him. But minute after minute, and hour after hour, passed away, without bringing any thing of the kind, and the feverish restlessness of impatient expectation at length began to give way to the chill of disappointment; yet, hardly had it begun to pervade his feelings, ere he started at the terrible idea of the cause to which what he could not help resenting might

be owing; Eveleen might be in danger—had not, perhaps, been brought to herself, or was likely to be so; and, in frantic agony at the thought, the corporal was summoned, and instantly dispatched to the Vale, to privately learn the truth.

The tidings he brought back, with almost the speed of lightning, relieved the tortured heart of Donaghue from the dreadful apprehensions that had so suddenly suggested themselves to him. Miss Erin was not only in no danger, but so well recovered as to have been able to leave her chamber by dinner-time; so, to whatever might be owing the inattention he had met with, it certainly was not to the cause he had feared.

Well, there was comfort in that; yet how could he avoid a rankling sensation at the idea of there being to excuse, or justify it? Common complaisance, the common usages of society, to say nothing of any thing else, demanded that some little inquiry should be made after him, some little compliment should be paid;

but might not the omission be owing to the bustle, the confusion, attendant on the circumstance of the morning? Yes, it must be so—he would believe it was, and that the next morning would bring an apology, probably in person, from sir William for it.

But the next morning came, the noon advanced, and day departed, without bringing any visitor from the Vale, or any message from it, though the corporal encountered the baronet, with lord Altidore and a large party, on horseback, at no great distance from the castle.—“Well, well, it may be all for the best,” thought Donaghue, as, with a burning cheek, and irregular steps, he paced the library; “why should I regret what may probably have been the means of saving me from additional disquietude—from greater longings after that which is unattainable? Had sir William’s conduct been, perhaps, what it ought, might I not have been drawn into visiting at the Vale, and what but augmented wretchedness would have

been the consequence? Could I have had resolution to resist being in company with Eveleen, when I knew I had the power of enjoying it? Oh no, I feel I could not! let me not then regret or resent what I should rather rejoice at. Yet, to be treated with this pointed neglect—to have the memory of my mother so forgotten, as it must be! else could not the friend of her youth have so slighted her son—ah! that is a thought indeed that stings—and then to suppose that Eveleen, by her representation, has been the cause, in some degree, of this—but, no, no, no, I acquit her of any thing of the kind—kind, generous, benignant, she would not, she could not, intentionally, injure any one: besides, did I not—did not the angel, in that hour of irreparable offence to her, indirectly plight her word, that what then occurred should never transpire? No, no, my Eveleen,” he continued, distractedly striking his throbbing forehead, “let who will be cruel, or illiberal, or ungene-

rous, I will still persevere in believing you incapable of being so."

But of any intentional unkindness or neglect, sir William and lady Erin were both as justly entitled, as the reader is doubtless by this time aware, to be acquitted. Appearances, however, were against them, and by these he judged; for that they were allowed to remain in ignorance of his being the preserver of their daughter, was a thought that never once occurred.

But they were not allowed to remain so. On the third morning after her accident, as Kate, Miss Erin's maid, already known to the reader by the name of Caty, but which, on exchanging the service of Mrs. Burros for Miss Erin's, she chose to soften into that of Kate, was dressing her young lady, after breakfast, to pay some visits with lady Erin in the neighbourhood, she kept such a muttering and grumbling, that Miss Erin could not, at last, help asking what was the matter—"Has any thing happened, Kate," she asked,

“to vex or perplex you? you seem so dissatisfied and disconcerted this morning.”

“*Och!* no, ma’am,” replied Kate, but with a flounce that contradicted the assertion; “nothing in the world,” and she began to tie some of her lady’s ribbons, evidently in great agitation of spirits, “only that I think it a sin and a shame, and a burning scandal, for some people for to go to act by other people as they have done, robbing them of the thanks that are their due for risking their life.”

“And who has been guilty of this injustice?” asked Miss Erin.

“Oh, ma’am, perhaps it would be better for me not to tell;” for Kate was not exactly sure of what the sentiments of her lady might be for lord Altidore.

“And why so, if at least any injustice can be redressed?”

“Why then, the truth is,” said Kate, “it was not lord Altidore that saved your life, but——”

“Good God!” exclaimed Miss Erin,



with the wildest emotion, “not lord Altidore! it was then——”

“Mr. O’Brien!” cried Kate.

“And do you really tell me this—tell me that it was really he who saved me?” said Miss Erin, dropping, through absolute tremor, on a chair.

“Faith and I do,” replied Kate; “it was he himself, and no one else; didn’t I hear the whole truth from little Paddy Byrne this morning, before ever I met the corporal with his story!”

“Well?” cried Miss Erin, in a tone of involuntary interrogation.

“Little Paddy came this morning to borrow one of my new caps for his sister, who is going to a dance this evening,” resumed Kate; “and so, while I was pinning it up in paper for him—‘Ah then, what a fright it was myself, Kate,’ says Paddy, who is as cute and cunning as an old fox, ‘got the other morning, when I saw the young mistress near drowning!’—‘You!’ says I; ‘why were you by, child, when she fell into the water?’—‘Troth,

and I was,' said he, 'though ne'er a one of them knew it, because I got so frightened at the big dog, I hid myself amongst the bushes, and saw O'Brien, of Altoir-na-Grenie, with his great big dog, jump into the river to save——'—'Tut, you fool!' says I, 'you mean lord Altidore.'—'Indeed and I don't,' says he, 'I know the differ betwixt them well enough, and I'll take my davy of it, it was O'Brien saved her; and more nor that, he cried and bemoaned over her, and so did his big dog, till some fine lady came from the house, with lord Altidore, and then she forced Miss Erin out of his arms, and made him go away; and as soon as he did, she gave the young mistress to lord Altidore, and tould him they'd make belief to sir William that it was he had got her out of the water.'

"My heavens, what a thought!" exclaimed Miss Erin, starting from her seat in irrepressible indignation.

"Ay, no wonder you are vexed and angry, ma'am," observed Kate; "I was in

a fine flustration myself when I heard it; and then to get so affronted as I did on account! Just after Paddy left me, I recollected I had something to say to Judy Conray, just opposite one of the park gates, so, as I was crossing the road to her cabin, who should I come plump upon but corporal M'Cormick, Mr. O'Brien's own man, and for the matter of that indeed, his foster-brother too—'So is that you, Mr. M'Cormick?' says I; 'what's the news with you this fine morning?'—'I have none for praters,' says he, gruffly, and walked on.—'Praters?' says I, bawling after him; 'very well, Mr. Terry, the next time I speak to you, I believe you'll give a civil answer.'—'I never wish to speak to you,' says he, stopping short, 'nor any one belonging to the unnatural crew you live with.'—'What's that you say,' cried I, going up to him, and I was going to threaten him, when plump it comes into my head, that all this crossness was about the trick that had been played about his master; so, with that, altering

my tone, 'Terry,' says I, laying hold of his arm, I'd lay you a tenpenny I know what's put you in this humour this morning.'— 'Ah, don't be 'Terrying me,' says he, making as though he wanted to shake my hand off his arm; 'isn't my heart almost broke, through them in that great house; for isn't my jewel of a master in a fever that may be the death of him, for saving the life of a person that has never said so much as thank ye to him for his kindness!'

"Good Heavens!—so ill! Of what base, what black ingratitude must he have accused us!" exclaimed Miss Erin; and, without waiting to hear more, she flew from her own to her mother's dressing-room.

Her ladyship's surprise and indignation at her communication fully equalled her own. Lady Jane was sent for, and informed of what they had heard. In a falsehood there was no danger of being proved, her ladyship had quite sufficient courage to persist; but when the truth must be discovered, she was always candid.

enough to acknowledge it. Accordingly, finding that, from what had occurred, there would be no use in denying it in this instance, she at once affected surprise at the astonishment she witnessed, protesting that she had all along conceived it was perfectly known that Mr. O'Brien was the person to whom the family was so much indebted on a recent occasion.

"Oh, lady Jane," a little reproachfully demanded lady Erin, "how could you think so, when you never heard us mention him?"

"Oh, really, because I thought you might have some sufficient reason for your silence about him."

"What! for ingratitude, for thus slighting and ill-treating the son of my dearest friend! What reason could possibly be adduced, that could justify such conduct?" said lady Erin, as in much agitation she walked about the room; "and I wonder, lady Jane, this did not occur to you, and convince you that our silence must be owing to some mistake."

“Why, really so it might,” replied her ladyship, “but that I really thought sir William must have seen him, as it was not till he was close to us Mr. O’Brien begged me to let him resign Miss Erin to my care, he felt himself so chilled by his wet clothes.”

“And why let him depart?” asked lady Erin again, in a tone of reproach. “Had you made him come to the house, he might have been saved from the illness under which he now labours.”

“My dear lady Erin, I really cannot help being a little surprised at the many whys and wherefores you ask me! Do you suppose that I have no nerves—no feeling! that I could have been cool and collected at such a moment, when I saw this dear girl just rescued from a watery grave? I really was so shocked, that I neither knew what I did or said; and to this, of course, is owing the idle story you have heard—one which, upon reflection, I am sure you must laugh at. God knows, I believe my faculties were never very in-

ventive ones; but if they were, I am sure it is not at such an instant, and for a mere acquaintance like lord Altidore, I should have thought of exercising them. He is certainly a young nobleman I admire and esteem; but still it is not to be supposed that it is for a person I am unconnected with, I could be induced to form any contrivances, if indeed naturally inclined to them."

What she said was plausible; and, in consequence, lady Erin began to feel vexed at having communicated to her the whole of what she had learned from her daughter; now that agitation had in some degree subsided, she wondered how she could possibly have given credence to the insinuation it contained against her; for what object could she possibly have, in imposing lord Altidore upon the family, as the person to whom they were under such an unreturnable obligation? There was but one end it could have in view, that of recommending him to the notice of her daughter; and how, unconnected

as he was with her, could she be interested in bringing about an union between them?

Miss Erin was not at quite so great a loss to conjecture. In spite of her natural candour, she could not help feeling a slight suspicion of the integrity of lady Jane in this instance; she had heard something of her attachment to Donaghue, and the result of the intimation was an idea of the truth; but, for the present at least, she determined to confine this suspicion to her own breast. She knew she could not disclose it to her mother, without probably exciting a prejudice against her ladyship; and so abhorrent to the native generosity of her soul was the thought of doing any one an injury, that she decided on letting nothing tempt her to run the risk without sufficient grounds.

Anxious to lose no further time in evincing their sense of what they owed him, and the estimation in which he was held, on account of his mother, lady Erin sent for sir William, that she might get him



to call on Donaghue immediately ; but he was gone out on a short ride.

This was a lucky circumstance, lady Jane thought, as furnishing her with time to carry into effect an idea she had just conceived. Accordingly, hastening from lady Erin's dressing-room, she flew to her own, and, without a moment's delay, addressed the following note to Donaghue.

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“ *To O'Donaghue O'Brien, Esquire.*

“ DEAR, DEAR DONAGHUE,

“ How impossible to speak what my disappointment has been, at finding no intimacy subsists between you and the icy beings here ! Had I earlier been aware of this, their invitation would, I believe, have been given in vain. Great, however, as is the pleasure I should derive from your society, I should be sorry to enjoy it at the expence of your feelings, as must be the case, were it in this dull mansion I had the happiness of it. Need I explain, or will not your own quick apprehension

suggest, what I mean—that sir William Erin is, in short, a cold, calculating man of the world, too sensible of the prize he has in his possession not to be cautious and wary about those whom he allows to approach it, and to which caution and wariness you are to impute the shameful manner in which your recent conduct has been requited. At length, however, he and his formal lady have been rendered so sensible of the odious light in which this must make them appear, I won't say thro' whose reproaches or representations, that it has been agreed upon between them, he should pay you a visit this morning; would that I could accompany him! but to propose such a thing, and I suppose lady Erin would become a petrification. Oh, Donaghue, how impossible—how very impossible, in this way, to do justice to the interest you have inspired! but I trust you will yet let me contrive some other method of proving it. Adieu! You must contrive to let me soon see you, in some way or other, for I have a thousand

things to speak to you of. Once more farewell! and believe me still, as ever, your devoted

“ JANE.

“ *Ashley Vale.*”

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Donaghue's neglect, in letting his clothes dry on him, through the agitation he was in, brought on a cold, attended with feverish symptoms, that the increasing disturbance of his mind did not by any means tend to lessen. He tried however to keep up, and was languidly reading in the library, when lady Jane's billet was received. The feelings and determination excited by the perusal of it were just such as she had foreseen, from her knowledge of his proud and lofty nature. Burning with indignation—proudly shrinking from the idea of any attention that was not the result of voluntary inclination, he directly rung for the corporal, and gave orders to be denied to the baronet, should he call.

Hardly had he issued these orders, when

the library door was thrown open, and he heard some one advancing into the room; it was not the step of Cormick, and, glancing to see who it was, he started with emotion from his chair, at beholding a stranger, whom he instantly concluded to be, nor was he mistaken, sir William Erin.

So little, after the command he had given, was seeing him expected, that for a moment or two, through the confusion occasioned by surprise, he forgot the attention due to him; then recollecting himself a little, he was moving to place a chair for him, when sir William prevented him, by taking his hand.—“ Mr. O’Brien,” he said, “ I am come to apologize——But, good God!” starting, as he felt the burning hand of Donaghue, “ what a hand is this! I fear you have terribly neglected yourself. May I ask, have you any medical advice?”

Donaghue tried to smile, as he answered in the negative.

“ You have been to blame then—very much to blame indeed,” said sir William;

“and——But, excuse me; you shall soon know the reason of my leaving you thus abruptly;” and without further ceremony, he vanished from the room.

Donaghue could be at no loss to conjecture the cause of his abrupt departure; it was evident to him it was for the purpose of sending some medical man to him; and determined to owe him no kind of obligation, he again rang for Cormick, and having severely reprimanded him for his inattention to his recent orders, strictly commanded, that on no account or pretext whatever, he should admit any other person to him that day.—“But, that’s true,” he added; “who was it admitted sir William?”

The corporal looked confused—“I’ll run and ask, your honour.”

“No; I think it was you that opened the library door for him.”

“But, plase your honour, it wasn’t I that opened the gate.”

“Well, take care that neither gate nor

library be opened again this day to any stranger."

Yet but for the prejudice excited against sir William by the artful representation of lady Jane, Donaghue would not have disdained owing him a kindness, so prepossessing were his looks and manner, so utterly different from what he expected to have found him. His air and figure were noble and commanding, his countenance full of expression; it was one of those heads that the ancient painters have so delighted to copy, as indicative of high intellectual endowments; the forehead high, the temples thinly shaded, the nose roman, the eyes piercing, and a great sweetness about the mouth; and, altogether, had Donaghue been left to his own unbiassed judgment, he would have pronounced him a very different character from what he was led to imagine him; but as it was, he concluded this pleasing exterior to be but a specious covering to a cold, worldly heart, and accordingly did not permit it to have any influence upon him; his forced

notice he determined to reject, and in every way to shun and avoid that which was not the effect of gratitude or politeness, but reproach and shame.

The corporal was excessively disconcerted by the reprimand he had received, not so much on account of the anger it implied, as of the determination to decline society. Donaghue himself could not possibly have been more indignant than he was at sir William's conduct in the first instance; but since the baronet had, at length, thought proper to wheel about, and evince an inclination to make amends for it, why reject his overture, and thus deny himself an opportunity of, perhaps, obtaining the young *hare*, as Miss Erin was denominated, and of whose not entertaining a secret partiality for his master Cormick could not be persuaded.—“ But because he hasn't a fortune like her own now, his pride won't let him try his chance for her; though there's none, I'm sure,” pursued Cormick, “ half so worthy of her,

with the right Milesian blood he has in his veins, and that handsome face and figure he has of his own. Why, though our regiment was the handsomest at Waterloo, there was not a man in it, gentle or simple, to be compared to him; and he to be going to shut himself up, like a hermit, here! *Musha!* I'm sure it would be as bad as murder to let him; and so the devil a bit of me, if I was brought to a hundred court-martials for disobedience of orders, will be denying him; but, however, not to be bringing an ould house about my ears, I'll manage nately and cleverly, just to keep out of the way when any body's coming. Och hone! how easily matters could all be settled, if we had but hold of ould squire Dennis's pot of money, that we have all heard so much about—how I should like to hear the rustling of his ould silk gown some night on the stairs, coming to tell us where it was hid! But, no fear of that, his ould bones are resting quiet enough in the churchyard, I'll be bound, without his



ever dreaming how much we want a little of his money here."

Hardly had he decided on evading his master's orders, when the physician and surgeon of sir William Erin made their appearance. Could he have brought himself to exclude visitors, it certainly would not have been gentlemen of the faculty, for whom he had the highest reverence, and whose attendance he, just at this moment, deemed absolutely essential at Altoir-na-Grenie. Accordingly he conducted them into the passage leading to the library, and then left them to announce themselves.

This the physician took upon himself to do—"Be seated, be seated, Mr. O'Brien," he said, on the rising of Donaghue, to whom they were entire strangers, from his chair at their entrance, in no little surprise, and with no slight sensation of anger, at their appearance, after the peremptory orders he had just issued; "invalids should never use ceremony to their medical

friends; and, between ourselves, give me the ready money, and let any one else have the other money that likes it better; for, as my friend Demosthenes observes, ‘the root of education is bitter, but the fruit sweet;’ that is, the cost it occasions, and the fruit it produces. Now, thank the stars, the first was my parents’, but the latter is mine. But, to introduce myself—know then, good sir, that I am doctor Foley, physician to sir William Erin, lord Altidore, sir Ulick Magennis, and a hundred other baronets, lords, and commoners; and this gentleman here, my friend, or satellite, for he is generally seen revolving round me, like a secondary round its primary, surgeon Hogan O’Sullivan; and that we have both done ourselves the honour of calling on you, by the special directions of sir William Erin, to see and inquire into the nature of the illness under which you labour at present, and consult and advise what is to be done for it.”

“Really, my good sir,” said Donaghue, unable, notwithstanding his vexation at

being thus intruded on, to suppress a smile at the coxcomical manner of the fellow, “you have given yourself a great deal of trouble about nothing, though, of course, I must be obliged to sir William for sending you; but you’ll find there’s nothing the matter with me but a cold.”

“A cold! and what else would you desire us to find you afflicted with? is it with the plague? A cold nothing! when a cold is the foundation of almost every disorder. A fig for the goodness of your constitution, when that insidious innovator of one steals upon you, for it often comes in such a questionable shape, that we are not aware of our danger till too late. One friend meets another, and—‘How are you?’ says he; ‘you look shockingly!’—‘Oh, so so! I have got a cold.’—‘A cold! oh! is that all? Take my advice, don’t be slopping yourself with apothecary’s d——d stuff, but take some white-wine whey to-night, with a little nitre in it, and, my life on it, you will be as well as ever you were by to-morrow.’ A few days after, some

one meets his man, galloping along like a race-horse — ‘Holloa! John, whither so fast? how is your master?’ — ‘Oh, God bless you, sir, don’t stop me!’ — ‘What, going for a doctor for him?’ — ‘Oh! no, sir; he wouldn’t have a doctor when one might have done him good; he got a cold, and doctored himself, and now I am going for an undertaker, because poor madam’s mind won’t be easy till all is over.’ — But this is losing time, and I see no time should be lost, for your eyes and cheeks have all the brightness and hectic of fever. Your hand, my good sir. Bless me!” seizing it without having it given, “what a pulse is here! — Come, Mr. O’Sullivan, prepare your lancet; nothing else, in the first instance, will, I see, do here.”

Donaghue tried to resist, but it seemed to no purpose; the bell was rung with authority by Foley, and on the corporal making his appearance, he was commanded to prepare the things requisite for the intended operation immediately.

While waiting his return — “You

really should be happy in your mind, Mr. O'Brien," observed Foley, conceitedly, "when you reflect on the skill you have on your side. What says my friend Diogenes of an accomplished practitioner in his day? and what he says, perhaps, might not be inapplicable to some in the present — 'He did not come to his profession, as the saying is, with unwashed feet, but was also intimate with the poets, and had retained most of them in memory, and was versed in recitation, and the institutes of philosophy, not superficially.' But here comes your man—and now, my good friend, O'Sullivan——"

"Really this is making an invalid of me, whether I will or not," said Donaghue, drawing back.

"Well, and what else are you? I hope you won't pretend to say you are well, when a medical man tells you you are ill."

"But I may be allowed to know what my illness requires."

"By no means."

"No!"

“No; grant me two propositions, and I shall prove it.”

“Not before I know what they are.”

“Will you admit, when the body is diseased, the mind may be affected?”

“Certainly.”

“Will you admit, when the mind is affected, it cannot be clear in its judgment?”

“Assuredly.”

“Then that’s your case at present—so to business, my friend,” slapping O’Sullivan on the back.

Donaghue still appearing as if inclined to object—“Ah! then what signifies,” cried the corporal, in an impatient tone, on whom indeed he, from time to time, darted an angry glance, “giving me all these sour looks?” fearful, if he held out much longer, his obstinacy would drive away these medical gentlemen in disgust, without his reaping any benefit from their visit—“It’s myself that wonders how you can make such a piece of work about letting your friends take a little of your blood, when you never minded how much your

enemies got. Often and often have I heard doctor Rosebud say, that let a body be perverse when they may, they never should be perverse when they are——”

“What, is that mad Rosebud?” asked Foley.

“Mad! mad!” repeated the corporal, indignantly; “if he is mad, I wouldn’t swear that my neighbours are in their senses.”

“Ha! that’s very well for you indeed. I perceive, my friend, you possess the gift of pleonasm.”

Donaghue, now quite worn out, feeling himself really ill, and believing, notwithstanding the coxcomberly of the fellow, he must possess skill, or he would not be employed by sir William Erin, thought he might as well, without further hesitation, let his advice be followed.

“And now, sir,” said the doctor, as he prepared to take leave, after the operation was over, and he had told him how he was to be managed, “I leave you to rest. As

my friend Euripides has it—‘ Oh sleep ! thou reliever of distress, how sweet thou comest in time of need !—oh, venerable oblivion of evils, and desirable divinity to the unfortunate, how good thou art !’

## CHAPTER IX.

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“ Cease to lament Eve’s fall with tearful eyes,  
Her fall should make succeeding daughters wise ;  
Yet view the sex, e’en now they thoughtless stray,  
Where wild imprudence points the devious way ;  
Art’s abject slaves, capricious fashion’s tools,  
The dupes of gamblers, and the sport of fools.  
Let conscious virtue o’er your heart preside,  
Control each thought, and ev’ry action guide ;  
Then in your breast shall Eden bloom anew,  
And long-lost Paradise revive in you.”

**REST** was indeed essentially necessary for a person who had suffered so much through agitation as had Donaghue, but it was sought in vain ; he retired early to seek it, but his sleep was short and broken ; and as he lay awake, meditating, his



eyes involuntarily wandered over the vast extent of prospect his chamber commanded, for his bed, by his particular desire, had been drawn close to the window.

The night was stillness itself—not a breath disturbed the lightest leaf that composed the foliage of the various trees—not a sound was heard, save the low heaving of the waves on the shore, or, at times, the barking of the cabin cur, as now he was roused from his slumber by a benighted traveller, now bayed the moon, which shone resplendent in her meridian, and shewed the planets, the stars, and the whole face of heaven, without a cloud.—“How tranquillizing this scene!” sighed Donaghue; “but ’tis in such scenes, indeed, that tranquillity can alone be found; and yet these I must forego, contrary to my wish of remaining where I could enjoy them as I pleased till the arrival of my uncle; for, after what has occurred, the secret of my being in the neighbourhood being disclosed, how can I remain here, to be exposed to the intrusions of

impertinence, the insults of curiosity, and, worse than all, the supercilious attentions of forced complaisance! Yet, after all, whither can I betake me, that I shall not be liable to what I wish to avoid here? and how can I endure to rush amidst the noise and confusion of a populous city, without any interest in its pursuits or amusements, or to become the stare of an insignificant country village! No, impossible! and, after standing the brunt for a little while of what is disagreeable here, may I not hope I shall be allowed to sink back into the solitude I at present covet?"

Yet still he was terribly disquieted at the idea of the Erin family being actually in the neighbourhood. Since it was so, he almost wished, at times, that lady Jane had not opened his eyes to the real character of the baronet, since, if still in ignorance of it, a transient pleasure might, at least, have been derived from their chance encounters. Still, however, nothing so deeply, so severely wounded his heart, as the detection of the error he had been

under, with regard to the real disposition of lady Erin; yet could his mother, in whose representation of her the error had originated, have been so utterly mistaken, after her long and intimate knowledge of her, as to have described her as she did, without just cause! and might not what had tempted him to believe her judgment erroneous, have originated, after all, in some hint, some inadvertent expression from Miss Erin to his prejudice? The thought was too painful to be endured; and letting drop the side curtain which he had raised, he endeavoured to take refuge from it in sleep.

From this oblivion of care he was suddenly roused, by fancying he felt the bed shook under him with great violence; he started up, and, listening attentively, imagined he heard a stifled breathing in the apartment, which was very large, and quite remote from every other inhabited one in the castle. Drawing aside the curtain, he cast his eyes about, and by the light of the moon, which still shone bright

into the room, he saw, or thought he saw, a figure gliding along the wall, at the further extremity. He instantly sprang from the bed; but ere he had reached the spot, whatever it was he had seen had disappeared. Admitting as much light as he could into the chamber, he eagerly examined it and the adjoining closet, but to no purpose, no one was found lurking in either, and accordingly he was induced to believe his imagination had deceived him; yet if ever he had seen or heard a human being, he thought he had done so at the moment; and what was more, he had not been dreaming at the moment he was disturbed in any way that could have misled his fancy.

The remainder of the night was passed in a state of watchfulness, so that his health was certainly not much amended by the repose it had afforded him; and, in consequence, Foley, on paying him a visit in the morning, ordered him still to keep himself quiet.

In the course of the day sir William

Erin paid another visit; but Donaghue, in pursuance of the resolution of the preceding one, availed himself of the pretext with which he had indeed furnished him, namely, illness, to decline seeing him.

Great was the anxiety which his continued indisposition excited at the Vale; and how soothed would have been the lacerated heart of Donaghue, had he been aware of it! but there was no one to impart to him an intimation of what would have been so consolatory. Lady Jane was the only person with whom he had any kind of correspondence, and it was not her plan to mention any thing that could possibly tend to bring him there; in the continual billets therefore which she was dispatching to him, to inquire after his health, she took care to make no representation that was not calculated to make him view the family at the Vale in an odious light, and inspire him with the most rancorous feelings of dislike towards them.

But though sir William by no means merited the character she gave him, there

was a sufficient coolness about him to induce him to determine on thoroughly understanding the disposition and character of Donaghue, ere he gave him any positive encouragement to become intimate there. This determination originated not however in any selfish or downright worldly consideration, but the natural anxiety of a parent for the happiness of a child, and that child an only one. With the romantic wish that subsisted between the mother of Donaghue and lady Erin he had all along been acquainted, nor had the reverse of fortune that the respective parties had experienced rendered him more averse to it now than he was before; but ere he could be brought to evince any open approval of it, he must be satisfied that Donaghue was worthy of the treasure which the accomplishment of it would put him in possession of. To ascertain this, observation, and inquiries, and investigation, would be requisite; and lest the result should not be what he really hoped, both prudence and humanity demanded, he

conceived, that he should keep the young people as much asunder as possible, that the separation to which they might be finally doomed should not be attended with any unnecessary pain; he had received a hint, that they did not view one another with absolute indifference, and this, of course, shewed the expediency of the precaution he had resolved on.

That Donaghue was a highly prepossessing and interesting young man, he was perfectly aware ere he himself saw him; but he was equally so, that he might be all this without being the choice he could approve of for his daughter. He trembled indeed to think of the pernicious effect which the example of a thoughtless and dissipated father might have had upon his morals, and determined again and again to be assured they had escaped the dreaded taint, ere he gave any decided encouragement to his visits at the Vale.

Lady Erin attempted not to oppose his determination, though her heart yearned with even maternal fondness to have Do-

naghue with them, and evince her respect and affection for the memory of the mother by attention and kindness to the son. Yet she was too well satisfied of the soundness of sir William's judgment, and the consequent propriety of what he had now decided on, to offer any opposition to it; but she hoped—she trusted, that Donaghue would stand the test of investigation; that thus, by being proved worthy of her daughter, she might have the happiness of thinking, that through their means the son of her dearest friend was restored to his proper rank and expectations in life; and on their daughter's account, abstracted from any considerations about him, she hoped this, for with the secret of her heart she was acquainted; and though she had not a doubt that her well-regulated mind would enable her to overcome any favourable sentiments for him, if assured they were unmerited, still she was certain a pain must attend the struggle with them that she wished her to be saved from. To have had a concealment from her mother



indeed was a thought that had never entered the heart of Miss Erin, conceiving, as she would have done, to have had one, that she was guilty of a breach of filial duty and affection, and withdrawing herself from the counsel and guidance of superior wisdom; but it was stipulated, that what she revealed concerning Donaghue should go no further; and lady Erin, who viewed what had offended in his conduct, and been properly and sufficiently resented, she conceived, in the same light her daughter did, as the result of what reflection was only wanting to subdue, felt no temptation to forget the stipulation.

That a young man, followed, flattered, and admired, as he had been, should transiently have been led to entertain overweening notions of his pretensions, she could hardly wonder; and what we can excuse, it follows must be forgiven. Such were the beings, liberal, just, and feeling, whom lady Jane represented as cold, calculating, and selfish; and their mansion, the abode of elegant hospitality and ge-

nuine pleasure, as the residence of dullness and formality.

Ashley Vale, the embellished seat of sir William's forefathers, was indeed a place well adapted for being the scene of elegant enjoyments, and worthy of being the residence of a person of taste and fortune. We shall not enter into an elaborate description of the house, the dazzling whiteness of the stone of which it was built, its porticoes, pediments, or pillars, of the composite order, or noble ranges of apartments, furnished with all that was requisite for comfort and magnificence, with some of the finest specimens in painting and sculpture of the ancient schools, but content ourselves with saying, it was a noble mansion, reflecting on all who had been employed in erecting or adorning it. Its site was a beautiful vale, fertilized by a fine piece of water, environed by hills, laid out in the most tasteful manner, and embellished with ornamental buildings. The first of these that particularly attracted the attention, was the banqueting-

house, containing a handsome, well-proportioned apartment for dining, and another for sleeping, with a sofa, within a screen of light covering, and both furnished with statues and paintings. At a corner of the lawn, in front of this building, was an Ionic dome temple, in ruins, from which the views were various and pleasing—some of water, surrounded with wood, others up to a Gothic tower, and some down upon a steep glen, with a mountain torrent rushing through it.

Advancing up the hill to the right, you looked down upon a double cascade, one falling, to appearance, out of a cavern of rock, into a canal that, a little lower down, formed another, and was then lost to the view amidst the woods. Winding yet farther in the same direction, you mounted a little hill, with a tent on the summit, in a very picturesque and agreeable situation; for you looked down upon a fine winding lake, the same that floated the valley before the mansion, nearly surrounded by a bold shore of wood.

From this hill you next visited the romantic and extensive ruins of an old abbey. Returning from this, you descended to the valley, whence the view of the tent hill, with its rising woods, was exquisitely beautiful. From hence the walk rose upon the edge of the surrounding hills, which were covered with wood, and through the trees you caught many obscure views, that were extremely picturesque; in one direction you looked down upon the lake, in another you caught a most beautiful view of the abbey, with the river meandering towards it, the whole encircled by an amphitheatre of hanging woods, of ancient growth and varied foliage.

Farther on, from a deep hollow of wood, you viewed an obelisk, rising from above the umbrageous shades at the opposite side; and hence again ascending, came to the Gothic tower, a tasteful building, commanding various views, finely diversified. To the left you saw a tower, rising out of hanging woods; next to that a building, peeping over trees in a beautiful manner;

then the ruined dome temple, besides a variety of other objects equally pleasing and picturesque. From hence you were led to the edge of a vast woody precipice, bounding the winding valley in which the ruins of the abbey stood, with a rapid river rolling through it, the views of which, through steeps of wood and romantic rocks, had a very fine effect.

Winding from this again towards the house, after passing a Roman mount and Chinese bridge, you came to a prospect that formed a pleasing contrast to the wildness of this, that of some well-cultivated grounds and gentlemen's seats, with a neat village, and the steeple of its rustic church; and, upon the whole, Ashley Vale was well calculated to please the lover of romantic scenery, with its fine deep glens, its winding streams, falling in cascades, and the solemn grandeur of its woods; and no one seeing it, or participating in its elegant hospitality, or varied amusements, would have allowed the necessity

of flying from Ireland, as a scene of savageness and sterility.

Fond of society, and not wishing to be continually forsaking home in quest of it, sir William had collected a large party of friends about him, who, when the mind sought to unbend itself, gave an agreeable variety to the passing hours. But, in allowing himself the enjoyments permitted by fortune, he never for a moment forgot that it was not granted solely for the purpose of his own personal gratification; various were the benevolent plans that were suggested, and carried into effect, for the relief of present misery, and the gradual improvement and amelioration of the condition of those about him. In many of these, Miss Erin was allowed to exercise her judgment; in particular, in the formation of a female school on the estate; and the liberal and judicious plan on which she had this established, met with her father's highest approval.

In this manner he wished, or rather sought, to ascertain her judgment and real

bent of mind; for, till positively put to the proof, by having the power of acting as we please, he knew it was impossible to form a decided opinion of them. The moment for putting them to the test had arrived, and she bore it as a rational and accountable being should do, with no extravagant elation at the unexpected change in her prospects, or forgetfulness of there being higher aims in view than the pursuit of pleasure, or adulation of a giddy multitude.

Yet, while she never lost sight of the high responsibility attached to our condition here, her cheerfulness and vivacity were just what were natural to her period of life and situation; but where are either to be sought or expected, if not in a well-regulated mind, and the heart that is guiltless of offence towards God and man?

Still, however, there were moments when she was more inclined to pensiveness than to either, strongly interested as she was about Donaghue, and uncertain as she

was of what her father's sentiments or intentions were respecting him ; for sir William had made it an express condition with lady Erin, that she should enter into no explanation on the subject with her, lest it should be the means of giving rise to hopes that might never be realized, for he knew on what a slight foundation the human mind, particularly the youthful one, is apt to build a fabric it likes on.

Feeling what she did for Donaghue, it may naturally be supposed she repented her positive rejection of him ; but no, the offended pride and delicacy of her sex would not permit this ; but, having satisfied these by the resentment she had evinced, she could not but wish that an opportunity might be afforded her for proving that her indignation was not unappeasable, so thoroughly was she convinced of the superiority of Donaghue's mind, of his needing but a transient check to be awakened to a conviction of any thing that was reprehensible in his notions or conduct, and so deep was the interest, that



what had befallen him, and all she had learned of him since their parting, had excited in her mind. But she strove, as usual, to keep her feelings in subjection, aware that inordinate anxiety about any thing is a kind of wresting of our fate out of the hands of that watchful Providence, that best knows what will most essentially conduce to our happiness and weal. In short, she was all her fond parents could wish, and the more thoroughly they understood her various excellencies, the more anxious, of course, they naturally became to ensure her felicity.

## CHAPTER X.

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"Oh! she is all that painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

BUT though sir William Erin did not mean, at present at least, to deport him-

self in such a way to Donaghue, as should induce him to think he was a privileged visitor at the Vale, yet he by no means intended to slight him, or evince a disinclination to his acquaintance. Owing him the debt of gratitude he did, such conduct, exclusive of any other consideration, would have been out of the question. Accordingly, as soon as he understood he was on the mending hand, he sent to request his company to dinner; but the invitation was unhesitatingly refused, to the great disappointment of Miss Erin, and the equal joy of lady Jane, who had done all in her power, indeed, to prevent its acceptance, by informing Donaghue, the moment she knew it was in agitation, that it was entirely the result of a battle between sir William and his lady, the latter feeling some little shame, from the regard she had professed for his mother, at the idea of his not receiving some little attention from them.

But though Donaghue refused this invitation with all the internal disdain he

conceived it merited, politeness required, he thought, that he should return the visit of sir William, and leave his card for the ladies, after their polite inquiries after him during his indisposition; and this he accordingly did, at a time when he knew the family were out, with a determination, that as it was his first, so it should be his last, visit at the Vale.

Every day he had some additional reason for regretting the arrival of the family there, since to that he imputed the discovery of his being in the neighbourhood, a circumstance that exposed him to a good deal of what he had apprehended from it, several visits, as he conceived, of curiosity, and some invitations he found it difficult to decline, but which he nevertheless forced himself to do, hoping, by persisting in still refusing them, he should, at length, cease to be teased with them, and allowed to remain quiet in the retirement he chose.

Amongst those who proved very troublesome was sir Ulick Magennis, partly through the suggestions of his lady, and

## TRADITION OF THE CASTLE.

partly through the vapidness of his own mind, that occasioned him always to have a burthen of tediousness ready to bestow on any one who would let him. Her ladyship had got her eldest hope provided for, major Mackenzie not having disappointed the expectations his gallantries had raised by not proposing for her; but the two other young ladies still remained on hand, and, in consequence, lady Magennis did not neglect any circumstance that held out a chance of getting them off.—“It would not be amiss,” she observed to the baronet, “to just look in now and then upon Donaghue, since, if it could be ascertained that he could contrive to keep Altoir-na-Grenie, she did not know but that, as it was a thing she was positive he was himself solicitous for, she might be induced to consent to his allying himself with their family, even though not assured of general Donaghue, from his capricious temper, and perhaps yet meditating to marry himself, doing any thing more for him—since, though there would be no

great fortune in the case, still, with such a residence as the castle, there would be something very imposing in appearances ;” and sir Ulick, who, on all occasions, acted as if it was *he*, not *she*, that had vowed obedience at the altar, readily promised what she desired.

But nothing so greatly disconcerted and agitated Donaghue, as the continual encounters that began to take place between him and sir William Erin. At first he imputed these to accident ; but when, at length, through various channels, he discovered that the baronet seemed to be employing himself on nothing so much as on his affairs, by questioning every one closely that could give him the slightest information on the subject, he began to think he was wrong in his opinion ; and as he could only account for this conduct by ascribing it to an idle and invidious curiosity, he, of course, became highly offended and exasperated by it.

These feelings of resentment and anger rendered him more peremptory than ever

in declining all kind of acquaintance at the Vale; and to be better enabled to shun sir William, he relinquished the exercise he had begun to take on horseback, and resumed his solitary rambles on foot. He always set out with an intention of proceeding in quite a contrary direction to the Vale, but, he knew not how it was, he certainly seldom returned home without finding he had got into its vicinity, though assuredly he often entered upon it unawares, from being utterly unacquainted with its extent and several parts of it.

Hastily making his escape from the direct road one morning, he struck into a track altogether new to him, and hurried on till he found himself at a considerable distance, when he slackened his speed to look around him, and enjoy the scene. It was a delicious morning—all nature looked gay and cheerful—the songsters of the grove were in full chorus, the fleecy tribe were browsing on the verdant plains, while their young joyously skipped and frisked around them; the generous kine lay ru-

minating, in readiness for the cheerful milk-maid, that tripped along, dashing the sparkling dew off the wild field flowers, whilst the merry whistle of the plough-boy at a distance, shewed the contentment of a heart free from the intruding cares of those pursuing more exalted walks in life. The sun was sufficiently elevated to have touched, with its magic beams, many of the surrounding objects o'er hill, o'er dale, so as to have given a greater variety to the landscape.

Such scenes, at such an hour, when the mind is generally buoyant, and consequently well adapted to receive those delightful impressions of nature, have almost a resistless effect on the spirits, in tranquillizing and cheering them. The mind of Donaghue presently felt the influence of the present one, and, lost in the indulgence of the pleasing feelings it excited, he continued following the winding course of a green lane, till he was suddenly stopped in his further progress by a rustic

gate. After a little hesitation, he ventured to raise the latch of this, and enter the rich shrubbery it gave admission to, without knowing whose grounds he was advancing on.

After proceeding some way through a profusion of intermingled shrubs and plants, he found himself on a sloping lawn of the finest verdure, bespread with forest trees of the most luxuriant growth, with honeysuckle trailed round many of them, and beneath the spreading branches of several, rustic seats, completely sheltered from the sun. Various walks, intersecting each other, led to different parts of the grounds, and were kept in the nicest order, bordered by shrubs, plants, and a profusion of flowers, that scented the morning air with the most refreshing aromatic perfume, regaling the senses in a delightful manner.

On advancing more immediately to the point of ground from which the slope commenced, Donaghue found he was on a hill of some elevation, commanding a



most extensive prospect. Beneath was a winding valley, watered by a fine clear stream, bounded on the opposite side by cliffs of rock and wood; the rocks, in some places, were perpendicular, and the intermixture of wood, hanging in many places completely over the cliffs, had a most romantic effect.

Donaghue at length descending, pursued the course of the stream, as it swept through lawns and flowery meads, till it was suddenly stopped in its course by some rocks rudely rising in the midst of it, and against which it dashed, lashing them in all directions, as if indignant at the obstacles they opposed to its progress, and threw up a high spray, on which the sunbeams formed a perfect rainbow.

While Donaghue stood involuntarily admiring the beautiful effect they produced, he felt a sudden pull at the skirt of his coat, and turning to see what had occasioned it, beheld a little English spaniel, that he had two or three times before, in the course of his rambles, met and noticed,

and which now, by the joy it evinced at its recognition of him, seemed as if welcoming him to some place to which it belonged.

Having played with it for some time, he was resuming his observations on the scene before him, when it kept such a barking, pulling him by the coat, and running backwards and forwards, that Donaghue began to find this impossible, and to think at last that it had some other object in view than mere play. He had heard and read of such extraordinary instances of the sagacity of dogs, that it now occurred to him this animal had some particular reason for wishing to allure him onward, as all along it had seemed anxious to do, and giving way to the surmise, he prepared to follow it, to its unbounded joy.

Leaping, and skipping, and barking before him, it led him on, through a succession of winding walks, till, at length, it reached a little rustic gate, through the bars of which it crept, and then jumping up at the opposite side against the latch,

seemed inviting him by this to enter. Donaghue's curiosity being now raised to the utmost, he could not refuse. Opening the gate, he found himself in a perfect paradise of sweets; a beautiful shrubbery, with a verdant mount in the centre, on which a grotto was constructed, formed of costly shells, wrought into fanciful devices, with doors of Gothic architecture, glazed with brilliant stained glass, and a roof of India bamboo, rising in the form of a cone. A clear stream ran purling over a bed of golden sand and shining pebbles round the mount, a Chinese bridge was thrown over it, in front of the grotto, and the whole of the mount was laid out in sweeping walks, bordered with the finest and most fragrant flowers, interspersed with evergreens, amongst which the red berries of the arbutus, and the shining leaves of the myrtle, were conspicuous. A peculiar serenity seemed to pervade the place; no sounds were heard here but such as, Douglas says, were of a "stilly nature"—the murmuring of the rivulet

over its pebbly bed, the soft sighing of the breeze, as through the foliage of the shrubs it wafted around the perfume of the flowers, and the sweet notes of the linnet and the goldfinch, as they hopped from spray to spray, apparently in conscious security; and, altogether, Donaghue was convinced, from what he saw, that it was the elegant retreat of some accomplished mind. But who was the fair divinity of the place? for every thing here was indicative of the delicacy of female taste: he knew not in whose grounds he had intruded, and, of course, was at a loss to conjecture.

Crossing the bridge, he approached the building, the door of which he had previously observed lying invitingly open, and glancing in, without perceiving any one there, entered, to gratify his curiosity by a view of the interior. He found it furnished with books, drawings, musical instruments, and costly China vases for flowers, with glasses to reflect the adjacent scenery, so that the landscapes of nature might be here said to be intermixed with

those of art, several beautiful ones, evidently of the Italian school, ornamenting the walls, indicative of the exquisite taste of the person who had selected them.

A book was lying open on a small table, with a ribbon, to mark where it had been laid aside. Donaghue casting his eyes on it, found it was "Thomson's Seasons," and the lines on which the ribbon rested the following:—

" But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,  
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence; for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Donaghue had hardly glanced over these lines, when the little dog that he had lost, soon after his passing the gate, dashed in, and began again skipping and

jumping about him; in the midst of its extravagant joy at again finding him, as it seemed, a panel rolled back, and, to the utter surprise of Donaghue, Miss Erin stepped forward, and stood before him.

It would be difficult, however, to say which was greatest, her surprise or his, or rather agitation at the moment, for she had no idea that he haunted the Vale, and he actually knew not that it was there he was; Miss Erin, however, was the first who recovered from her emotion, for his recent conduct had piqued her, and offended pride quickly enables us to collect ourselves; but poor Donaghue had no feeling of the kind, to render the assumption of indifference easy at the moment, and overwhelmed by the obtruding recollection of what had occurred in their last interview—a recollection that had made him ever since absolutely dread the idea of being ever again alone a moment with her, from the awkwardness he was convinced the circumstance would make him feel—had hardly power to stammer out an

apology for what he now considered his intrusion.

Miss Erin received this in a manner very unlike her usual gracious one; but she was hurt at his persistence in declining to make any acquaintance at the Vale, and she could not now forbear shewing it; it is true, if his doing so argued a now utter carelessness about her, so it did also, notwithstanding the very contrary belief her ladyship had tried to create; but still this could not prevent her being vexed at it, nor letting her manner now evince this.

Donaghue, however, imputing to a very different cause the kind of supercilious smile with which she hearkened to his apology; with heightened confusion took a hasty leave, and was crossing the bridge, when Miss Erin, suddenly recollecting herself, and ashamed of the petulance she had betrayed—the ingratitude her manner had evinced towards a person who had risked his life to preserve hers, and suffered so much on her account, who besides might have motives for acting as he did, and

which she now indeed began, from his extreme agitation, to suspect to be the case, that, if known, could not fail to heighten the interest he had already excited, hastily called him back.

He turned with quickness; but at the entrance of the grotto stopped, as if there to await her pleasure. Her pleasure! never had she felt so confused; her presence of mind utterly forsook her—she could recollect no excuse for what she had done, and, in utter dismay at the construction that might be put on her conduct, her evident confusion, her sight grew dizzy, and she would have fallen, had not Donaghue, as he saw her making a catch at a chair, rushed forward to catch her in his arms; and—“Good God!” he exclaimed, in extreme emotion. He cast his eyes around, but there were none to aid him in her recovery; again they were turned on her, and involuntarily, perhaps unconsciously, he strained her to his throbbing heart, as they rested on her bewitching countenance, where still a smile lingered



round her beauteous mouth, as if loth to forsake what was the abode of smiles and graces.

At length she began to shew symptoms of reviving, and was rising from his arms when lady Jane Morley rushed into the building. The party at the Vale breakfasted this morning in the grounds; while it was preparing, Miss Erin repaired to the grotto, her favourite retreat; and lady Jane was sauntering about, watching for lord Altidore, who was expected, and with whom she wanted a little private conversation, when she caught a glimpse of Donaghue, following in the direction Miss Erin had taken; and it instantly striking her that an appointment might have been made between them, she determined on ascertaining by ocular demonstration.—“What! another drowning affair!” she exclaimed, as she rushed in, more vexed than surprised at what she beheld.

“Oh, no! nothing so bad as that,” said Miss Erin, with a faint smile, and deep suffusion on her cheek, as she disengaged

herself from the gentle hold of Donaghue, and seated herself on a sofa; "only—only a slight indisposition."

"Which this gentleman was luckily at hand to assist you in recovering from!" observed lady Jane, sarcastically. "Well, how lucky some people are, by being always in the way to render a service when one is wanting from them!"

"Whoever has the happiness of obtaining an opportunity of being serviceable to Miss Erin, must certainly consider himself fortunate," said Donaghue, with some severity, perfectly comprehending what her sneer implied, and highly exasperated at the confusion he saw it occasioned Miss Erin. She was indeed extremely discomposed at what had occurred, from the construction she saw lady Jane seemed inclined to put on it; for should she choose to persevere in believing the meeting not accidental, and, in consequence, rally her elsewhere about it, even though her father should acquit her of any thing clandestine, as indeed, from the confidence he reposed

in her, she was convinced he would, yet he might not so readily be induced to believe that Donaghue was not aware of what was likely to happen, and be led accordingly to suspect him of some unworthy motive for refusing to visit openly at the Vale, while he privately frequented it. That he was capable of being actuated by one of the kind, she herself had not the slightest idea; but her father knew him not so thoroughly as she did, and therefore might not so readily admit the same belief.

“ Oh ! no doubt,” cried lady Jane, affecting a laugh, in reply to Donaghue’s irritative observation—an observation that roused all that was jealous—that was malicious in her nature; “ and chance seems lately very much inclined to befriend you, I think.”

“ If I have had the good fortune of being any way serviceable to Miss Erin now, I certainly am indebted to chance for it; for in approaching this, I neither knew

on whose grounds I was, nor whither I was coming."

"Indeed! How lucky that your *instinct* made you take the right direction!"

"If I did take it," said Donaghue, trying to speak with carelessness, but every moment becoming more agitated, "it was not owing to my own instinct, but to that of this little creature," stooping as he spoke to caress the dog, that had renewed its friskings about him, and he related the incident about it.

Lady Jane, after having hearkened to him attentively, affected a most immoderate fit of laughter on his concluding—"Well, really, O'Brien," she said, "I give you credit for this story; and this darling little animal," patting the dog, "much as I have heard of the sagacity of animals of the kind, the sagacity of this exceeds them all, for it seems to have implied a knowledge of what would be agreeable."

"Really, lady Jane," said Miss Erin, colouring violently, and rising from the sofa, on which she had been obliged,

through agitation, to repose her trembling frame for a few minutes, "you appear in a strange humour this morning."

"Oh! as to that, my dear, that is nothing new, as my friend here, Donaghue, who knows me longer than you do, will tell you—won't you, Donaghue?" laying her hand on his arm, and looking up significantly in his face.

Donaghue was so provoked with her at the moment, that he could with pleasure have shook her hand from his arm; but constraining his feelings—"It would be unpolite to contradict a lady," he replied, with a sarcastic smile.

Lady Jane affected to push him away.—"You abominable creature!" she cried; but suddenly turning to Miss Erin—"Pray, my dear, are we to have any breakfast this morning? If we delay much longer, we shall have the whole party seeking about for us, under the apprehension of our being spirited away."

Miss Erin hesitated; she knew not how to depart without asking Donaghue to ac-

company them, and yet, wishing, as she did, to have nothing mentioned of the incident of the morning, she felt a reluctance at the thought.

Perceiving her hesitate—"Oh! very well," said lady Jane, "I see you are unwilling to leave this delightful abode, so I shall leave you and this gentleman to the enjoyment of a further *tête-à-tête*, which no doubt the sentimental turn of each will render extremely delectable!" and as she spoke, she made as though she would have quitted the place.

"Good Heavens, lady Jane!" exclaimed Miss Erin, in a tone of alarm, and catching her by the arm, "how can you be so—so very strange!" and then turning to Donaghue, was about forcing herself to give the invitation which she thought she could not avoid, when Donaghue, clearly perceiving by her looks and manner what was passing in her mind, saved her from all further embarrassment on his account, by suddenly looking at his watch, and

pretending, from the lateness of the hour, that he must hurry away.

The moment he was out of sight—  
“ Really, lady Jane,” said Miss Erin, “ I wish you had not spoken as you did; for your insinuations, I am afraid, may be the means of preventing Mr. O’Brien from indulging himself with occasional rambles here.”

“ Afraid! oh, are you, my dear?” said lady Jane, emphatically. “ Oh, then it is your wish to meet him here! Well, really I don’t wonder at it, for he certainly is handsome and agreeable, and a pleasant companion enough, he is so sentimental, as I have already observed, to pass away an hour or so in a grotto, or some such romantic retreat, conversing on subjects of taste or science, as, for instance, the loves of the plants, or——”

“ Nay, lady Jane, I must beg there may be a truce to raillery at present, for I am serious in saying, I would not, on any account, it should be intimated or in-

sinuated that Mr. O'Brien had any particular object in view in coming here, or rather, that his doing so was not the effect of chance or accident, lest an erroneous construction should be put on the circumstance, by people that do not know him so well as you and I do."

"Well, my dear, and how do you know that my knowing him as I do would be a means of preventing what you fear? But this is the error of all romantic minds, to suppose that whoever they admire must have no feelings in common with others. Why, to suppose what you seem to want me about Donaghue, and I should suppose that he walked about like the man in the moon, with his head under his arm, without knowing whither he was going; but, no, no, my dear, he is not quite so great a simpleton as that, I promise you. —But don't look so confused, child; I am not going to insinuate that he came here on your account; you don't forget, I hope, that though superlatively lovely, and all that, you are not the only charming crea-



ture at present at the Vale, or that Mr. O'Donaghue O'Brien was once one of my most devoted; and that I have reason to believe, if I could forgive the outrageous manner in which he resented my marriage, I should again have him at my feet; and so——”

Miss Erin almost started, and felt for a moment a sickening sensation, but it was only for a moment; in the looks, the manner, the agitation, the silent language of Donaghue's eyes, every glance she caught from him, she read a refutation of what lady Jane would have insinuated, and could not help a transient sensation of contempt for the belief she would have imposed on her. As soon as she had got the better of the slight emotion she had occasioned her, she returned to the point from which they had diverged, that of intimating a wish, that nothing might be said of Donaghue's having been met by them that morning; but lady Jane laughingly evaded any direct promise to that effect,

being secretly determined on taking the first convenient opportunity for making it known to sir William, under the hope and belief of that very construction being put on the circumstance, from the manner at least in which she meant to mention it, that his daughter was apprehensive of; for notwithstanding all his liberality of sentiment, yet, as a worldly man, or rather a man of the world, she did not think it would be difficult to awaken suspicion in his mind, or induce a belief, that however Mr. Donaghue might decline visiting at the Vale, from the notice his attentions to the heiress must there attract, he had no objection to meeting her where they would escape observation: to induce this belief, to empoison his mind against Donaghue, by creating doubts of his openness and honour, and there was an end to all apprehension of his ever sanctioning his addresses to his daughter, without which she was convinced, whatever might be Miss Erin's attachment to him, she would never become his.

In entertaining this opinion, she was indeed right; but whatever might be her father's views for her, with regard to her final establishment in life, Miss Erin felt persuaded that it would not be want of esteem for Donaghue that would prevent his approving of him for her, if once he really became acquainted with him; that is, if he obtained opportunities of really understanding and knowing what his sentiments, his understanding, and attainments were, the turn of his mind, and his favourite pursuits, and this persuasion made her indeed regret Donaghue's so obstinately declining every overture that had hitherto been made for any kind of intimacy at the Vale; but though she could not avoid still regretting it, she no longer felt piqued or hurt by it, as had been the case in the first instance, since, from what had occurred in the recent interview, she could no longer ascribe the circumstance, as she had previously been tempted to do, to sullen pride, but to the melancholy naturally attendant on what he had to de-

plore, or to the embarrassing recollections being in her company could not fail, perhaps, of occasioning, or to both, perhaps, united; and under this idea she almost resolved, should she accidentally encounter him again, to take advantage of the circumstance to remonstrate with him on the subject of keeping himself so great a stranger at the Vale.

But whatever was the effect of the recent interview on Donaghue, his mind was, for the present, diverted from dwelling on it, by the agreeable surprise he experienced on his return home, at finding his friend, doctor Rosebud, just arrived there, and impatiently looking out for him to breakfast.

We have passed over the numerous letters which the doctor wrote on the subject of his long detention from him; the last threatened, that if he did not speedily get rid of his visitors, who, from their protracted stay, seemed, in his opinion, to have come for the purpose of rendering themselves fixtures with him, he would,

in some way or other, destroy the old walls of St. Cathala, rather than be longer plagued with them. Malice indeed could not have contrived a severer punishment for him, than that of forcing him to become stationary for any particular time. He now had all the appearance of a great boy, just let loose from school, who thought he could never sufficiently enjoy his liberation from restraint; he inundated Donaghue with questions, raced over the castle, made himself perfectly acquainted, in less than three minutes, with the whole establishment there, which, to be sure, was not a very difficult matter, being but small at present; and while he shook hands with the master, winking at the man, said it should go hard if they had not another merry summer at least; but his mirth received a damp, when he found how entirely Donaghue had withdrawn from all intimacy in the neighbourhood, company and amusement being absolutely essential to him. With all his regard for Donaghue, he could not control his indignation at

the circumstance; and indeed it was his very regard for him that made him perhaps so angry at it, for what an injury might it not have been to him? since, with his personal advantages, he could not avoid believing that his continuing to keep up his usual intercourse with the world was all that could be wanting to restore him to fortune; and how provoking, therefore, to think, that here, where there were blooming heiresses and rich dashing widows, he should take it into his head to turn hermit!

Donaghue tried to sooth him into good humour, by intimating his conviction, that his arrival would be no sooner known, than he would receive the usual compliments from the gentlemen belonging to it, and have, in consequence, an opportunity of mixing in company as much as he pleased.

The doctor, however, was not quite so sure of this as he seemed to be; and being all impatience, from what he heard of the Vale, to become acquainted there, he

availed himself of his knowledge of one of the guests then there, sir Edward Surrey, a young baronet of some fortune, and colonel of a militia regiment, to call, ere he was well a day at Altoir-na-Grenie, in hopes, by so doing, to be introduced, without any delay, to sir William. He was not disappointed in these; and sir William was so amused with his manner, and so convinced besides, from his intimacy with Donaghue, that he could, if he pleased, give him that insight into his character and disposition that he wished for, that he gave him a general invitation to the Vale, which the doctor soon gave him reason to know he took as was meant, as one that was really given with a wish to be accepted. But nothing could induce Donaghue to accompany him there; and at length, finding arguments and entreaties useless, the doctor gave up the point, excusing himself for leaving him as he did to go there, by the belief, that leaving him to uninterrupted solitude

would be the best method that could be taken to cure him of his passion for it.

The doctor was so pleasant and so eccentric, that he soon became the very life and soul of the parties at the Vale, being the first to promote mirth, and the last to end it. He had hardly established himself there an intimate, indeed almost an inmate, when preparations began to be made for an entertainment on an extensive scale, in honour of the birthday of Miss Erin.

The wisest of men has said, "there is nothing new under the sun;" and such indeed always appears to be the case, to a person satiated with the enjoyments of the world. This was a complaint; however, that few of those assembled on the evening of this day, before the hospitable mansion of sir William, had to make, and their delight was in proportion at the entertainment provided for them.

The house was crowded with all the fashion of the neighbourhood, and the grounds were thrown open for the tenan-



try, and all such as, in their rank, chose to partake with them of the festivities of the evening. Two vessels, that, to give life to the scene, were generally moored opposite the windows, were, on this occasion, hung with coloured lamps, and, with music, kept moving up and down the lake; the banqueting-house, the Ionic temple in front of this building, the Gothic tower on a fine rising ground, the Chinese temple, looking down, from the summit of an isolated rock upon the valley, the seat that looked down upon the double cascade, the obelisk appearing above the umbrageous shades at the other side, and the extensive ruins of the abbey, were all studded and defined by various coloured lamps, producing a truly magical effect, such as absolutely spell-bound the lower classes, filling them with astonishment, as the work of absolute enchantment.

On the most convenient and agreeable spots before the house, Turkish tents, and large marquees, were pitched, each bril-

liantly illuminated by numerous lights, suspended from the centre of each, so that the lads and lasses were seen to great advantage, engaged in the merry dance, while their parents and friends, advanced in life, enjoyed the comforts of well-supplied tables, and amused themselves with tales of other times, when his honour's father and grandfather, with similar good cheer and Irish hospitality, entertained their friends and dependents, or in expressing their wonder and astonishment at what they saw.

When the regular dancing ceased for awhile, the drones of their favourite instrument were heard, setting off old and young to foot it on the sod, to the lively air of Patrick's Day in the Morning, or still more, perhaps, gratifying them by the soft expressive airs of Ellen a Roon, or Molly Astore.

There was also a fair, which Miss Erin and her fair companions found great amusement from. The former, having made herself mistress of many little inno-

cent anecdotes of the young married people, and those who were about changing their state, was enabled to furnish hints, for she and her companions were the vendors, that rendered applications to them for their wares diverting, and long after furnished amusement to these unsophisticated children of nature. One received a rattle, to assist him to drown his good woman's tongue; another a string, to fasten the leg of a rambling spouse to the table; and another a smooth ball, that still rolled away whenever he attempted to grasp it, to teach him patience, and so on. French horns, and other wind instruments, were heard at intervals, from the temples and other buildings, now exhilarating the spirits with lively tunes and marches, then again thrilling the soul with the softest airs of melancholy; now, as they gaily swelled upon the ear, intermingled with the tinkling sound of the cymbal, and the deep reverberation of the drum, one might have fancied they heard bacchanalian groupes advancing; then, as

they seemed to die away, and sink within the woods, that melancholy herself was retreating there for shelter.

If this scene be filled up, with nearly five hundred persons, old and young, gentle and simple, all busily engaged amusing themselves in the way most agreeable to their respective tastes and inclinations—some walking, others dancing—some sitting, others standing in groupes—children playing hide and go seek among the tents, and numerous waiters running backwards and forwards, the reader may form a lively idea of the bustle and hilarity of it.

The toys being all disposed of, and the fair over, the next step was, for the queen of the evening to present herself to the particular notice of her humble visitors, so that she might give them all an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity about her, and honour the son of some one of the tenants with her hand for one dance, an ancient custom on such occasions, as the present, which she knew, if not still

adhered to, would cause great disappointment.

Lady Jane quite ridiculed the idea of it; but ridicule could not turn Miss Erin from any thing she conceived right; and where, by a trifling condescension, so much pleasure could be afforded, she conceived she should be very much to blame if she could be laughed out of it. Accordingly, with a long train of ladies, she entered the largest of the marquees, and, with her companions, seated herself there. The men, immediately understanding what this was for, retired to a distance, to consult which was the properest person amongst them to claim the intended honour. This, however, was not a very easy matter to decide, as the honour of dancing with the young *hare* was too great not for them all to be anxious in the extreme for it; but as all could not have it, it was at length agreed that lots should be drawn for it; this was done by putting strips of paper in a hat, and he who drew the longest was to be the fortunate person.

The lot fell upon a handsome young man, about twenty; and that it had done so seemed to afford general satisfaction, Pat Dunnacarney being esteemed the best jig dancer in the barony, so that no doubt was entertained of the young *hare* being satisfied with her partner.

Mr. Dunnacarney approached Miss Erin with great modesty, and with cheeks suffused with a deeper shade of crimson than had perhaps ever before tinted them, with a rustic bow begged the honour of her hand for *the* dance. This was readily granted, and a merry jig being called for, to the unutterable delight of the lookers on, at least those who were of Pat's party, they commenced one.

Nothing could exceed the applause which Miss Erin received—it was herself that knew how to do the thing genteelly; but she wouldn't be an Erin if she hadn't nate limbs, and didn't make good use of them.

It was expected that the rest of the ladies would follow the example of Miss

Erin. No sooner had she resumed her seat, therefore, than Black Hugh, the descendant of the king of Leinster, and Rosebud's steward, as may be recollected, and who, through urgent business, that could not be settled without seeing him, had been compelled to follow his master to Altoir-na-Grenie, and, with some of the people belonging to that, had come to the Vale, with a meekness of look and manner not very usual with him, approached lady Jane, to solicit the same honour from her that Miss Erin had conferred on Mr. Dunnacarney, that of dancing a jig with him.

"A jig! and with such a savage!" and lady Jane, who was excessively disconcerted at being dragged into the marquee, amongst such a set of wretches, as she called them, distended her eyes as wide as she possibly could, with a stare of astonishment.

"Don't you understand him?" asked Miss Erin, stepping up to her.

"Understand him!" replied lady Jane,

with a look of extreme disgust—"the savage! But really it is abominable to encourage such freedoms, by coming amongst such creatures! in clannish times it was all very well, when it was necessary to conciliate one's retainers for one's safety; but now——"

"That there's no occasion for them, on that account they may go to the devil!" said Rosebud, to whom the scene in the marquee was too amusing not to have made him eagerly follow to it; "but, if you don't get up and stir your marrow-bones, do you know what they'll think of you? either that you don't know how to dance, or that you are, as we vulgarly say in Ireland, beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer, and so are afraid or ashamed to shew them."

"I neither know nor care what they think," returned lady Jane, petulantly; "I shan't do what I dislike to humour the absurd whims of any one here, I assure you."

"Oh! if that be your determination,"



said Rosebud, "I must try what I can do for my illustrious friend here;" so turning to Aod Dubh—"I beg your majesty may permit me," he cried, "as master of the ceremonies here, to introduce you to a partner; for, between ourselves and the post, the lady you have just asked," and here affecting to have lowered his voice, by inclining his head towards the ear of the king, "is not exactly made for dancing; but here," presenting him to Miss Bond, "your majesty will have a partner that, I'll answer for it, you'll not find one of the Mullingar heifers."

Miss Bond, now on a visit at the Vale, had, since her first introduction to the reader, been with her brother Bob, not only to London, but Paris; till her visit to the latter, the former had been her constant theme; but no sooner was this paid, than, superceding the former completely in her opinion, nothing else was talked of, conceiving nothing more than the announcement of her having been there wanting to make her be thought every

thing she could desire with regard to fashion and consequence.—“Oh dear! oh dear!” she exclaimed, drawing back on this introduction to her, “when I was at Paris——”

“No king solicited your hand for *the* dance,” interrupted Rosebud.

“King! king! what king? when I was at Paris, I thought I saw all the kings.”

“Did you see the one now before you?”

“No; but then he might have been there for all that—what’s his name?”

“Aod Hugh Dubh Black, (king) of Leinster.”

“No, I don’t recollect such a name amongst them—one would suppose he was a Russian, by the length of it.”

“No, he’s of foreign descent, but not quite so far North as that;—but come, he waits your pleasure.”

Miss Bond, with great agility, now allowed herself to be handed forth, and, inspired by what she had heard, went through the jig in a manner that gained

her the universal approbation of the company.

On being handed back to her seat by her partner, she endeavoured to make room for him beside herself. To be able to do this, she was compelled to encroach a little upon lady Jane, who occupied the same form. Her ladyship finding this, and not being by any means in one of the best tempers imaginable that evening, being extremely vexed that Donaghue, whom she thought, in such a party, she could have very well contrived to have kept from any particular communication with Miss Erin, had refused her pressing entreaties to make one of it, turned sharply about, and demanded what she meant by pressing on her in such a manner?

“Nothing in the world,” said Miss Bond, in a low tone, “only just, if not disagreeable to your ladyship, to get a seat for his majesty beside us.”

“What, for that savage!” exclaimed lady Jane; “why, do you suppose I am out of my senses, to allow such a fellow to

occupy a seat with me?" and, as she spoke, she gave so violent a push to recover the room she had lost, that, had it not been for his majesty of Leinster, poor little Miss Bond, who, as she greatly resembled a butterfly in fluttering, so she also did in lightness, would certainly have been precipitated to the ground.

As soon as she had recovered herself—"Well, I declare," she cried, with a toss of her head, "this is such conduct as I never before met with! when I was in Paris, I never experienced any other treatment than——"

"I am sure," interrupted lady Jane, with a sneer, "your travels have been of very little service to you, when an Irish ploughman can pass on you for a king!"

With the exception of this little *fracas*, every thing passed off to the entire satisfaction of Miss Erin in the marquee; the gentlemen danced with the country girls, the ladies, all but lady Jane, with the young farmers; and Rosebud, in the most extravagant spirits, from the gaiety of the

scene around him, was as much on the alert as any one else; proving himself, to use their own expression, quite as handy at the jig as any one present, having, more than once, tired down several of the girls.

At length Miss Erin, conceiving quite sufficient was done for the gratification of the party there, took leave, and adjourned with her own to the house, where, as soon as she entered, regular dancing commenced.

At a late hour a discharge of rockets was the signal for supper. Miss Erin led the way to the great hall, where the tables were arranged. Of course it must be superfluous to say, they were furnished with every thing that was requisite for so splendid an entertainment. Nothing but smiling countenances surrounded them; for lady Jane, the only person who had, perhaps, throughout the evening, felt any thing like ill-humour, had, by this time, through the dint of flattery, which, come from whom it might, was always acceptable to her, recovered her temper.

But, alas! how often is a sighing heart

concealed under a smiling exterior! the fair, the amiable, and adulated idol of the evening—she, on whose very look and step admiration and attention hung—she was, or rather, would have been, a proof of this, had her feelings at the moment been known; for she could not think of the absence of Donaghue from the festive scene, of which the assembled guests now reminded her more forcibly than before, without a sinking of her spirits she could with difficulty conceal.

But let who would counterfeit cheerfulness, it was not Rosebud; for never in his life had he passed so delightful a night. He was now sitting by sir Edward Surrey, whom he very often amused himself with, by making him contribute to his pleasure.—“Do you perceive that person yonder?” he suddenly demanded of the baronet, making him understand whom he meant by a motion of his head.

“Yes; is there any thing particular about him?”

“Particular! I have just begun to consider how he got into this company.”

“God bless me, you don’t say so! why, isn’t he a gentleman?”

“A gentleman! you shall judge when you hear how I’ll accost him by-and-by.”

“What, here! God bless me! attack him here! no, I hope not; it would be such a terrible thing to have any *fracas*, any commotion here—such an utter violation of every rule of etiquette.”

“Oh! leave that to my consideration,” said Rosebud; “when once my indignation is raised, it never can be allayed until I have given it vent; and see, he’s coming this way.”

“Then I must beg,” said sir Edward, making a movement to rise from his chair, “to leave this; for, as I cannot be of any service, and I apprehend something serious may occur——”

“So do I,” cried Rosebud, holding him firmly by the arm; “and that’s the reason I’ll keep you here, for there’s no knowing

but that the services of a friend may be necessary; and as I estimate you as one, and consider, besides, that I have a claim on yours, from being, as I may say, a military man, as well as yourself——But here he comes, and now for it;” and, as he spoke, he rose with much formality from his chair, and pulling himself up in his waistcoat, and giving a great hem, as if by way of clearing his throat——“So, sir,” he said, turning full upon the stranger as he approached——“so, sir, I see you are here!”

“So it appears,” cried the other, with a good-humoured smile, and extending his hand; for, as it proved, he was an old friend of the doctor’s.

“No, sir,” said Rosebud, waving his hand aside——“no, sir, excuse my taking the hand of a man I am about accusing, as I am you.”

“God bless my soul!” cried sir Edward, in an absolute agony, “was there ever such a man?——Doctor, I implore,” twitching him by the sleeve.

But the doctor only replying by a



“Pish,” went on—“Yes, sir, you may stare, and look surprised, but it is the fact. Is it not well known, that, regardless of your birth, the consequence it gives you in society, the elegant resources with which your own mind furnishes you, you are every day seen mixing amongst the lowest of your species, the miserable and the forlorn, listening to their vulgar complaints with attention, and, if a smile can be extracted from them, quite seeming to enjoy it; that the felon in the prison, the mendicant in his hovel, the ragged and the wretched, have to boast of your presence, while the fashionable and the gay are, perhaps, seeking it in vain; and that, from this terrible defalcation of taste, it is to be presumed that——”

“You are the same Rosebud you ever were,” cried the other, slapping him on the shoulder; “an oddity you were born, and an oddity you will die; but, faith, so pleasant a one, that I shouldn’t care if we had a few scions from the same stock.”

“So you were in jest all this time!”

said sir Edward; "well, really, doctor, you are a very odd man!"

"Well, if I am, I am not to be blamed for it, but nature; for have you not heard my friend here just say that I was born an oddity?—But, permit me, Mr. Medlicott," turning to the stranger, "to present to you my highly-estimated friend, sir Edward Surrey."

"Assuredly," said Mr. Medlicott, presenting his hand to the baronet; "and as such, he may rely on it, that I shall place him, as my friend Sancho Panza says, 'on the very crown of my head.'"

END OF VOL. II.

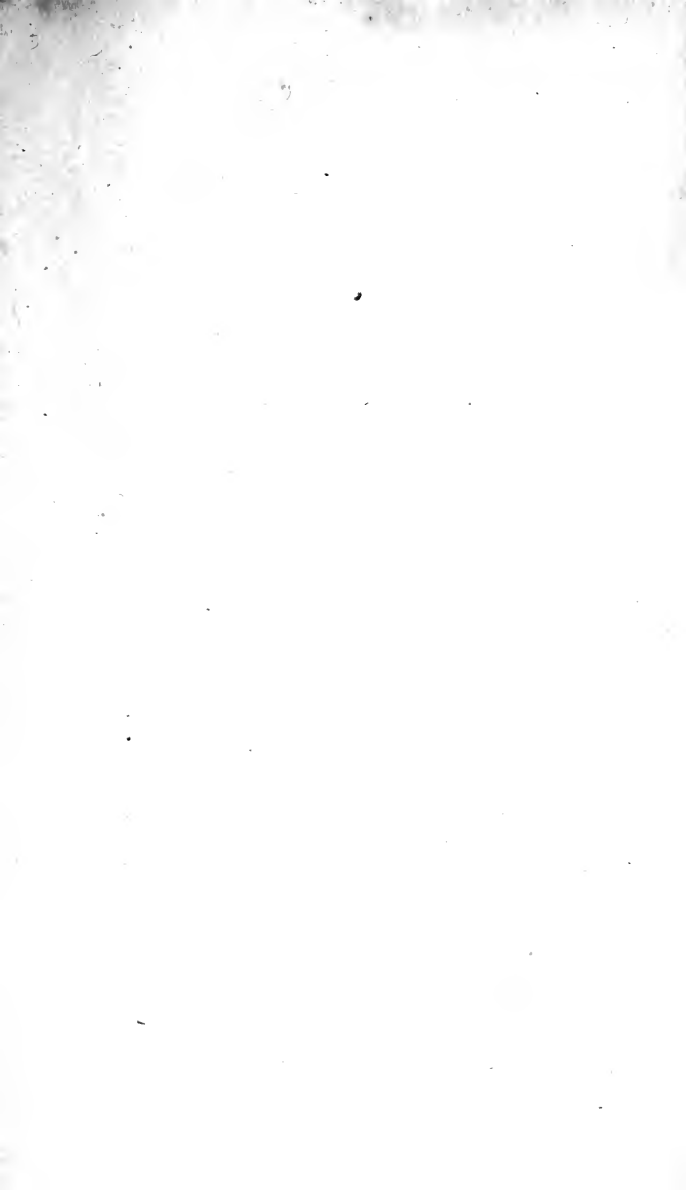
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